

THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND
POLITE LITERATURE.

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NOTIONS OF PERIODICALS ON ART.

OUR contemporaries, for want of something better to say on art, are indulging, to intoxication, in their wonted impertinence respecting the class of pictures exhibited at the British Gallery. One of these worthies celebrated for the perpetration of magniloquent platitudes on the subject, has discovered that the Institution was founded for the purpose of promoting "the illustration of history and poetry by art;" and he goes on to insist, irreverence to the average of subjects on the walls of the gallery, that the highest ability displayed in any one of these directions, raises its author little beyond the rank of a very skilful artisan! It would be amusing to hear the double-distilled spooney that penned this monstrous imbecility, endeavour to analyze the various principles in art that are assembled in those gorgeous combinations, that make the still-life creations of G. Lance! Whence comes the qualification, of this ignoramus, for assuming the ermine of lawgiver to the profession of artist in relation to what it may produce, and what it may study? Is not the attempt of every individual directed by the probabilities he sees before him? Does not this Solon himself concoct the nonsense that he has called a criticism for the fulfilment of a commission with which some other Solon, almost as ignorant on the subject as himself, has been soft enough to entrust him? If the *soi-disant* literary rulers of the time are desirous that historical subjects shall be the fashion of our period, let them propagate their doctrines among the buyers; and we do not hesitate to tell them that such subjects shall be produced in sufficiency. They may not, however, be produced by the parties that are now beguiled to attempt them. The successful painters of *genre* subjects would find no difficulty in modulating their endeavours into history. Fine drawing is an absolute essential in

each; exact expression is an absolute essential in each; effective colouring is equally essential in both; breadth of light and shadow is equally desirable in each; and indeed, there is not one quality that can exist completely in one department, that must not be founded upon principles equally applicable to the exigencies of the other; while the inventive faculty is not nearly so much tasked in history as in the abused *genre*. Then why are historical subjects not produced? Because they are not asked for. There is scarcely one among our artists able to produce them that is not absolutely painting something else to order; and whose pictures are not sold before they have left the easel. In spite of the everlasting worry of the stupid press, there is no public for appreciating high historical art, at anything like a premium; it is foreign to their habits, as being too grand to be pleasant; we have no dilettanti purchasers, who would choose to cover one of the walls of their *salle à manger* with the decapitation of a she saint, or the disembowelling of an early missionary. They would rather look upon Leslie's "Sir John Falstaff" dining with *Mr. Page* and the *Merry Wives*, as being more suggestive to good humour, and to a wholesale secretion of the bile. None but a spooney, like our friend, who gets up an affectation as a text to talk large upon, would recommend British artists, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, to imitate the art of a period when artistic intention was in positive antagonism with that of our own; when it was a fashion to be bilious, and to look bilious; when to be very uncomfortable was one of the liberal professions, and rosy health was a mark of the beast. When such is again the mode, constructors of unpleasant pictures will not be wanting to take advantage of the demand.

It would, perhaps, be scarcely worth while for us to allude to the absurdities that emanate from the sources to which we refer, but that we cannot avoid noticing the fact, that they are effecting injuriously the attempts of some artists. There are several instances of continual but hopeless endeavour on the part of men, who mistake the will for the ability; and these men are fortified in their obstinacy, by the encouragement they receive from the encomiums of such solemn dullards as our friend; anything but history being by them called "mis-directed effort and mis-spent time." A total failure as a work of art is called "an attempt in the right direction that deserves praise," although it might have had "better drawing," fewer "deficiencies of structural knowledge," &c., &c., &c. This would, in plain terms, assert, that an artist, entirely incompetent to success as an historical painter, does a very praiseworthy action when he determines to devote such incompetence to high art, and to paint nothing else. Another painter, who has been beguiled, by this commonplace of press criticism, into the continued sacrifice of his

existence to the production of gigantic failures is complimented as being "entitled to notice for giving evidence of a high aim and integrity of purpose." What in the name of common sense is the use of aiming at what it is clear you cannot hit? We, however, having more consideration for the benefit of art, and the elevation of the artists' body, would counsel the entire avoidance of such attempt by any who had not previously essayed their strength, and previously succeeded in proving their power, by the production of subjects that did not involve the same expense in getting up, and that promised a greater chance of being purchased. To those who, possessed of means for indulging in a fad, find an enjoyment in smudging acres of canvass, and calling the result high art, we would not offer council. We know there are many who do this; and while they are innocently gratified by the continuation of the dream that they are painting historical pictures for a future generation to appreciate, we should hesitate before attempting to disturb so pleasant a delusion; but it is quite another affair for a critic to preach a crusade for converts to such a system.

To paint historical subjects requires something beyond a mere determination for doing so. It requires considerable preparatory skill in every branch of principle relating to art. The *genre* species of production is only tolerated, when accompanied by an inferior exemplification of those principles, as an inferior production even of its own class. A *genre* painter that carried that species (if it may be called a species) of art as far as it must be carried to be satisfactory to a sound critic, would lack in no quality desirable for a history painter. In what are De la Roche's pictures of Oliver Cromwell different from *genre* productions, but size? They are almost all of them inventions founded upon prejudices relating to the man. Derive their subjects from Rapin, and they are historical, but trace them to Dumas and they are *genre*. Size is alone the distinction; and size is, in England, an insurmountable obstacle to the sale of inferior art, and a difficulty in the way of the best. Let, therefore, the artist hesitate before commencing a *monstre* picture; let him ask himself the question—has he succeeded in those, which he had previously undertaken, of moderate dimensions? In what quality has he succeeded? *Chiaro oscuro?* Yes. Hardly controllable in a large canvass as a principal quality. In composition? Yes. Good. In expression? Yes. Good. In pure drawing? Yes. Excellent:—indeed the most excellent; for a failure in the purity of design that may escape cursory criticism in a small sized picture becomes intolerable in the large. It is not more difficult to draw well in the one than in the other; but the errors, magnified, appear to be more atrocious, and less within the other resources possessed by the artist for distinguishing them.

Then, purity of design being absolutely neces-

sary for a *genre* picture that shall triumphantly undergo stringent criticism, it is among the painters of *genre* pictures that we must look for the producers of high art, when there arises a demand for that article. Let this not be forgotten among the small critics, and they will cease to look for Raphael's and Titians among those to whom a *genre* picture of interest has been an impossibility; and who have failed from deficiency in some of those principles equally necessary in what is called high art; differing but in this, that the absence of them are in the latter department more apparent.

As critics, then, and when estimating a high art species of production, we are not called upon for a certain amount of leniency in consideration of the artist's rashness of endeavour; we are not to encourage mediocrity to perseverance in an attempt in which mediocrity must fail; we are rather bound to use more exactness of appreciation on such occasions, for the purpose either of enforcing additional study, for strengthening the feeble qualities; or, by implanting doubts of ultimate success, motivating the painter to a reconsideration and eventual abandonment of his hopeless enterprise. It is in vain for an artist to expect eminence as a history painter without the qualities of pure drawing and a high character of *beau ideal* being already parts of his acquirement. If he contemplates eventually devoting his energies to what is called high art, let those energies be spared the disappointment of repeated failure; let him essay sound critical opinion upon slighter works; gradually tasking himself to higher attempts, until he has overcome the meaner obstacles; and let him pay to these meaner obstacles such sufficiency of attention as that they shall not encumber his endeavour when struggling with those of more acknowledged magnitude.

Imitation of ancient art must be eschewed. There are indifferent pictures in existence by the most eminent. Reputation having been made by their best works, not by the mass of their productions; and their fame, arising from peculiar excellencies, and not from exceptional deficiency; the imitation of a master, as a whole, risks a certain amount of reproduction of wrong that would not be tolerated to popularity at the time in which we live. Every quality in art is reducible to some half dozen principles. It is the application of those principles to the exigencies of modern civilization, not the ancient manner of applying them to the exigencies of society then existing, that is the task of the living painter. The mere literary man, no matter what his grade, looking to printed records for his inspiration, believes that, when he advises the painter to draw variations from pictures as he himself writes them from books, he is saying the best that can be said on the subject. He however advises even a step farther with the painter than he attempts to go himself. He is always dinning the poor artists with high art; advises every one of them to produce history subjects only; and every new exhibition is a disappointment to him that does not contain *quant. suff.* of his cherished notion. High art is something that he has set his heart upon. This is, be it noted, when he thinks he thinks on art; but when his opinions are heard upon literature, we hear no complaining that Bulwer or Ainsworth do not write epic poems. Nay, even when the first of these accomplished something of the sort, he was not complimented for having "made an attempt in the right direction that deserved praise;" but

he was abused, scorned, and laughed at, not merely for the mean quality of his accomplishments, but for having attempted anything so silly. They have all agreed that the time for the publication of an epic poem is gone by; the reasons given are ingenious and various, but the fact is not disputed. What is the principle reason? It would not sell. Even so is it with high art historical pictures. They would not sell. They are not wanted.

It may be replied to this, that the Westminster Palace has created a demand; and we answer, that the demand will be supplied. Whether effectively or ineffectively, is now an uncertainty, depending far more upon the knowledge and liberality of those who select the artist, than upon the deficiency of the present state of art. Let them choose among the best artists of the *genre* school, paying such prices as shall tempt them to exertion in the proposed department, and we have no doubt but that the result will be quite worthy of the occasion that brings it forth. But art, like everything else, must be paid for at its market value. Painters, no more than any other profession, may be expected to sacrifice the comfort and independence of themselves and families to the mere chance of posthumous fame. The mere glory of having a picture hung up in a place, to which admission will be a difficulty, and in which, when admitted, an examination of the work will be a still greater difficulty, is not, after all, so tempting a promotion to an established artist, that the amount of pecuniary reward should be a matter of mere minor consideration. We were something dissatisfied ourselves at the preference given to Mr. Dyce's cartoon over that by Mr. Macleish; but on looking at it the other day, surrounded by all that gorgeousness of decoration, in a position between conflicting lights, we did not wish to see a better picture so sacrificed.

Let critics judge of pictures, according to the degree in which the intention of the artist that painted them has been accomplished—if they can. If they cannot, let them eschew criticism on art entirely, and seek some honest employment, in which, though they may not do much good, the entire result of their labour will not be positive mischief. But let them not obstinately persevere in counselling men, of whose capacity for the task, they have no means of estimate, to an obstinacy in the continuous production of pictures whose fate is to be lumber, and whose destination is a garret.

The houses of parliament may, for a period, provide partial employment for a few; but we do not ourselves believe that fresco painting belongs so much to our period, that a reliance on permanent demand is prudent in an artist. It is at war with our climate, and in opposition to the *savoir vivre* of our country and our manners. There is an increased, and an increasing demand for oil paintings; and there is no more reason that artists should be directed by any other suggestion than demand, than that calico printers should choose exactly such patterns as the public would refuse to purchase. The best contemporary criticism is demand. It is that which gives the character of the age to the production of the age. It may be urged, in reply to this, that Gainsborough, Wilson, and Hogarth, were not appreciated by their period; but this exception proceeded from other causes. It was a phase in the progress of a nation while yet the theorist had sway. Native

art had not overcome the prejudices of the talker—men who felt the power had not yet the confidence to own to their sensations. One hundred and fifty pounds had been received, in fees, by a domestic of Benjamin West for the exhibition of one of his pictures, when not one of the patrons of art had asked its price. This was not merely a reproach to the aristocracy of the land, but to the *litterateurs* of the time; for either the picture should have been denounced as unworthy, or the heartless aristocracy should have been ridiculed. Now, however, our aristocracy have been in some sort educated, while our literary teachers have merely exchanged one prejudice for another; and the quality of stringing words upon any art with assurance, has been understood to represent a fitness for regulating the entire of its production. The gentry and nobility have become familiar with the painter's studio and the process of painting, and have acquired positive knowledge on the subject, while the literary man has merely acquired familiarity with terms, of the application which he knows nothing, and artistic production, has gone far, very far a-head of the written theories of the period.

H. C. M.

ENGLISH SINGERS.

As is usually the case when any one endeavours to speak out plainly and honestly, we have been accused by several correspondents of too much severity in our observations on the English singers of the day. In answer to the charge, we take our stand on the general opinion as regards these artists; this opinion goes to the extent that we have no first-rate singers; there may be some good, but none of the higher class. Our wish has been to show the probable causes of this state of things. First, we have endeavoured to prove in what consists the art of singing, and from thence deduced, that the generality of those who pretend to teach know nothing about the matter; we then shewed that false notions existed amongst those who took to singing as a profession; that very few ever thought it necessary to study at all, trusting chiefly to success to a natural good voice, and a something that goes by the name of inspiration. If what we have advanced be true, which seems to be granted; for no exceptions are made to the observations themselves, but merely that they are *too severe*: we argue, that by making the cap fit, we have done some service. Our object is not so much to attack individuals, but systems, and systems can only be exemplified in this case by individuals, so that we shall consider ourselves entirely exonerated from the charge of severity; for no one, not even those who thus accuse us, will say that false systems should not be assaulted. If this again is granted, we carry our own justification still further; and argue, that if individuals suffer from erroneous opinions grafted on principles, and if, by boldly laying siege to these falsities, we open the way to their final destruction, we consider we are doing the individuals a special service; for by pointing out the rocks and shoals which are thickly strewed around them, we give them at least the opportunity of avoiding the dangers which beset them; and thus some may be saved from that ultimate shipwreck, by which all their hopes would be at once and for ever crushed.

There is, however, another stumbling block in the way of the artist, to which as yet we have not

sufficiently alluded; and that is the opinions, as they are called, of the press. Much importance was once placed on such emanations, and even now, though confidence in them has been most materially shaken, some little consequence will always cling to anything that appears in front. In thus challenging the opinions of contemporaries, we do not claim for ourselves infallibility; our endeavour has been to speak the truth; we have no bias for one party more than another; it is to the advancement of the art itself that we aim at, and in doing this we claim honesty of intention. As for our opinions, we give them fearlessly, court their scrutiny, and are ready to take up the gauntlet in their defence; and will do battle, not for victory, but for truth, which in the end must, after all, prevail. Having thus shown that we have only the interest of the musical art at heart, we shall go on in our path as we have begun, not caring whom we may hit; since the shaft is not aimed at the individual *per se*, but at one who presents himself before the public, and thus courts the public opinion.

What the value of the vocal notice of the *Times* may be, we leave to be decided by all who will read the heap of absurdities elaborately propounded relating to Madame Bishop. The ignorance there disguised under the cloak of a seeming knowledge, has caused a distrust that will prevent much harm resulting from any future lucubrations from that quarter. But we now turn to the writer of another page, who in general makes a dash at points with an air of knowing something about the matter, which is only likely to do more harm from the apparent desire shown to speak fairly, and for this every credit must be given to him. We take notice of this paper, because when speaking of voices, the writer is almost invariably wrong in his classification. He has called Mr. Travers a *tenore robusto*. Now if Mr. Travers were to act upon this statement, he would run the risk of the fate of the frog in the fable,—his voice is a *tenore Leggiere*:—all the forcing in the world will not give it volume, and in the absurd endeavour to make a great deal out of little, he has himself made the writer in question imagine it was of *robusto* quality. This is stated as a fact; the singer goes on acting on it, and the consequence may be easily predicted, Mr. Travers will lose his voice altogether. Like the frog in the fable, in trying to swell to the size of the bull, he dies miserably, bursting his skin in the attempt. Now, we do not mean to say that the assertion of this writer is to be answerable for the result, for the previous teaching has brought Mr. Travers to his present state; but had the paper in question told Mr. Travers his true quality, and explained to him that he was only making efforts to do more than nature would allow him, such a statement might have been of service; it might have made him pause and consider; whether or no he was studying on right principles. As it is, the mere fact of having stated his voice to be *robusto*, will only be likely to increase the straining efforts which are already so painfully apparent. Again, a little further on in this notice, the writer of that notice says, "It struck us that Travers was ambitious of imitating Dupréz, and of trying to produce the *ut de poitrone* with the natural organ. But, as Mr. Travers could only force the A (the highest note, we believe, in the music of Ferdinand, except in the concluding cavatina, which goes up to C), by a severe struggle, it seemed evident that he ought to have resorted to the falsetto earlier than he did."

This sentence displays a total ignorance of the whole art of singing. In the first place, the *ut de poitrone* is a note that every tenor ought to be able to take with his natural organ; this, perhaps, Mr. Travers knows, and hence the effort, not only for the A, but also for the C. That he failed is to be attributed to the manner of his teaching, and his consequent bad system of practice. Had, however, the vocal criticism writer known this, he could never have been guilty of the absurdity of recommending him to use the falsetto earlier; for the fact is, that the falsetto, as it is called, ought never to be used, it only showing an uncultivated voice, where it is obliged to be resorted to. The artificial tone is produced by the contraction of the soft palate, and the stiffening of the epiglottis; the proper function of this elastic substance being to prevent the breaking of the tone into an harmonic; but, being stiffened by muscular contraction, its natural use is destroyed; hence the necessity of resorting to a false tone. We have thus shown what mischief may result from the very best intentions. Observations, when confined to generalities, pass off harmlessly enough, but when specific points are taken up, it then becomes a duty to discuss their truth.

We have taken up this allusion to Mr. Travers, because there is stuff in him to make a fine singer, and we regret to see his efforts day by day producing their necessary results. It is yet time to pause ere the mischief is irretrievable, and the writer would be acting a really friendly part, if, instead of calling him a strong tenor, thereby inducing him to increase these efforts, and telling him to use the falsetto, which, in other words, means to resort to artificial means to produce tones that ought to come freely and naturally, he would tell him plainly, that if he goes on as he now does, to beware of the fate of the frog as regards his voice. We now continue our category.

The next singer we notice is Mr. Borrani, who has, probably, one of the finest bass voices ever heard—rich in quality, pure in tone, and powerful without being harsh. It was, no doubt, these gifts of nature that induced the amateur to become a professional; for this purpose he went to Italy to study—first at Florence, where he received instruction from Ciccherini; from thence, in his travels, he went on to Naples. Lablache was then electrifying the audiences of San Carlos, and Mr. Borrani thought he could not do better than take advantage of that popular singer's advice; returning from thence to Florence, he now placed himself under Giuliani. We ourselves by no means advocate this chop and change system; it is, as we know, very generally adopted, with the idea of catching a little of every style; but it cannot be too much deprecated. After this preparatory initiation, Mr. Borrani returned to this country, and made his *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Sonnambula*, as *Il Conte*. This was at the same time that Mlle. Persiani made her first appearance in England. Mr. Borrani only remained there one season, and then accepted an engagement with Madame Vestris, at Covent Garden. At this time he was also engaged at the various concerts in the metropolis and in the country. In 1843, he returned to Italy, and then received engagements both at Bologna and Ravenna. After fulfilling these he was offered terms to go to Venice, but suffering from the intense heat, he turned his steps towards his native country. On his arrival, he was engaged by Mr. Bunn, for Drury Lane, where he has ever since continued.

Mr. Borrani, as we have observed, possesses a very fine voice, extending to about two octaves from double E upwards on the scale; rarely do the notes of bass voices blend so well together as we hear in this singer. We wish we could speak of his singing in equally eulogistic terms, for his manner is so unobtrusive and gentlemanlike, that our interest is excited in his favour; but we must adhere to our principle. Mr. Borrani is to be charged rather with omissions than commissions; it is in the absence of qualities required more than in their obtrusion that we find most fault in him. Mr. Borrani's style may be characterised as monotonous; it is without colouring—without light and shade, whatever he sings is in the same tone throughout; he rarely attempts anything like an impassioned display—all is cold and inanimate. While hearing the beautiful tones of his voice rolling out in all their richness, we are compelled to say it is nothing but voice. His acting is of exactly the same description. One attitude, generally with bent knees; one motion of the arms, one position of the face—that is with the chin elevated, making a slightly obtuse angle with the neck—everything denoting unity. Now we are no such sticklers for the classical observance of the unities, but what we would rather see a little divergence now and then, if only for variety's sake. Let us hope Mr. Borrani will be induced to throw a little more fire into his singing, a little more vigour into his acting, and, with his natural qualifications, we could boast then of possessing a fine bass singer.

Mr. Weiss is a young artist, who was at first too much thrust forward; he, in consequence, fell back. He has, however, lately improved very much, and promises to be a very useful adjunct to any company. He is a pupil of Mr. Balfe's, and studied under him when at Paris. His first public appearance was at the Princess's Theatre, where he made his *début* in *Sonnambula* as *Il Conte*. We believe we are right in this statement; Madame Eugene Garcia being the *prima donna*. After the season, he was engaged by Mr. Bunn, and for the last two years has been at Drury Lane. His voice is of a bass quality, not deep, but of sufficient power for effect; the compass about two octaves from lower F ascending the scale up even to G. His singing is unfinished in style, he does not seem to have full command over his voice, and his execution is only of moderate ability. He does not display any kind of feeling, but latterly has dropped into old men's characters as if they were made for him; this appears to be the walk in which he is most likely to succeed. He is tall, and rather awkward as to figure, somewhat Don Quixotish; and, consequently, as far as look went, made up admirably for that character in Mr. Macfarren's opera. He was also very good in Mr. Lavenu's opera *Loretta*; and, indeed, must be considered a singer of unquestionable utility to any management, without giving any promise of anything beyond.

C. J.

(*To be continued.*)

TAKING STOCK.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

We may be supposed to entertain some prejudice against the managers of this theatre, from the circumstance of our having, at various times, considered it a duty to denounce the system upon which its management has been conducted. We pledge ourselves not to shrink from that duty;

and we tell this, and other managements, that THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL, as an organ of opinion fairly conducted, is rising every day into such an increased consequence with a public, unused to any but hired notice of such subjects, that it must have an effect, not only on the judgments of the public itself, but upon the system of criticism generally. Periodicals will become honest upon compulsion, and knowledge will superintend where formerly superficialness was sold. But while having occasion to condemn the system of management pursued at the Lyceum, we have never spoken as if in doubt of the exceeding excellence of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the responsible directors (responsible we mean to public opinion), as actors. We place Mrs. Keeley, as an artist, in the very highest rank of the drama; we do not care who the other may be, there is not one that conceives and executes a part so perfectly. Personal appropriateness for the line of character she assumes, is the sole reason that confines her to that department, for, we believe, that had Mrs. Keeley been physically fitted for the personification of high tragedy, her mental fitness would have placed her far above any we have for a long period seen upon the London boards. In the expression of intense sentiment there is none near her but Miss Cushman, who is less equal in the entire of a character. As for Mr. Keeley, although his department is more restricted, in that department he is unsurpassed; and he is also so little mannered—so little conventional in his talent, that he has had no imitators. We find Buckstone imitated, Compton imitated, Wright imitated, Oxberry imitated, but Keeley never; or, if the thing is attempted, it escapes detection by the absence of success, suggesting that there is, in his acting "a grace beyond the reach of art" to counterfeit. Thinking so highly as we did of the parties conducting this theatre, we could not choose but be disappointed at the manner in which the means at their disposal were squandered on purposes that tended rather to the subversion of dramatic feeling than to its elevation. That two of the most able supporters of the legitimate should thus sacrifice it, bound hand and foot to the burlesque, was an apostacy for which we were unprepared, and to which we gave no quarter. It was a prostitution of Mr. Keeley's talent to caricature the profession that he should have refined; and it was doubly a prostitution of the fine intellects of Mrs. Keeley, to condescend to all the meretricious allurement of Bartholomew fair show, when she had so fair an opportunity for raising the banner of the legitimate drama, and establishing permanently a high class performance in certainly the very best theatre for the purpose the metropolis possesses.

We believe at this moment that the Lyceum Theatre has a more efficient troop for the performance of English comedy than that at the Haymarket. It is a larger house, and could pay better. One or two, at the most three, additional actors, carefully selected from the Provinces, would make it a very strong company indeed, and we might see once more the British drama put upon the stage, in a manner worthy of a people so unapproachable by the rest of the world in many other advantages of civilization.

The general objection of actors to opening, as it were, a door to competition, ought not to operate upon this management. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley need not fear competition from any quarter, and their already well deserved reputation would re-

ceive new lustre from the benefit such conduct would confer on the art and its artists. Any thing like a stir in this direction would compel Mr. Webster to set his house in order; there would be an examination of provincial usefulness that would motive exertion on the parts of country actors. Competition in town would cause increased interest among play-goers, and theatrical performances would revive, and become again the fashion from becoming again something that an intellectual being would not be ashamed to proclaim his love for.

In Mr. Wigan we have one of the very best of actors for eccentric genteel comedy, and the very best Frenchman that we remember on the stage. In Mr. Leigh Murray we have the very best actor of sentimental genteel comedy; there being none other that possesses so many personal advantages with such intensity of feeling. Mr. F. Matthews was a good old man when at the Olympic, under Madame Vestris, and a short apprenticeship to the legitimate would make him the best, after Farren, on the boards; and Farren himself is no longer Farren. Oxberry is very clever in his line, and Vining is still a very efficient actor. The managers, are, in themselves a host; and to take high comedy in addition to farce, and instead of burlesque, there does but require one first-class lady comedian; one first-class old woman—a better than Mrs. C. Jones, now unengaged, could not be desired; an Irishman, if there is such an actor in existence; and we should possess a company at the Lyceum Theatre equal to the production of the whole range of English comedy. Then would THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL have only to land the attempts of the management of this theatre; and pecuniary recompense for the speculators in that establishment would be mingled with the renown of having contributed to the restoration of the drama.

We fear, however, that this consummation, so devotedly to be wished, is but a dream of our own, that we shall not see realized by the present management, although the engagement of Mr. Oxberry and Mr. Leigh Murray, and even that of Miss Dickinson, may be considered as movements in the right direction, that should lead to hope of some superior intention that is worthy of support. We opine, however, that to a company so rich as this in tolerable actors, male and female, no addition can be made with advantage that is not of the very highest character of talent that careful and patient inquiry can procure; and the best of all inquiry is that which affords facility for experiment, in allowing the appearance of talent the opportunity of essay before a metropolitan audience. Of old there were twenty first-appearances to one at the present period. The failures were no doubt numerous—but what then? One success was quite sufficient to pay for twenty disappointments.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

A ONCE GREAT NAME.

"To stand under the shadow of a *once great name*,—every one remembers what Vitruvius looks for," &c., &c., &c.—*Builder*.

"A *once great name!*" Well done *The Builder!* When a man exclaims—"O Vitruvius! thou art one of the deepest jokes the wicked earth has ever played on man!" it seems hyperbole, and the old Roman in the Shades may chuckle in his sleeve and bless himself, that when the mark is overshot

the aim is missed. His worshippers may still burn much incense to his praise, for when truth is painted, men often fail to discern the substance beneath the shadow. But when a very worshipper himself becomes apostate, ten thousand born enemies do not stagger the faith so much. And all the more strong and telling is his testimony when it is sorrowfully, falteringly given—a painful duty sadly done. Well may old Vitruvius now cry *Ichabod*; well may his enemies rejoice very loudly; for the very *Builder* itself can write upon the tomb "A once great name!"

"T'were long to tell, and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace."

No, not so long to tell, not so sad to trace; for it is but months ago that the Augustan Baliste, and Catapulta man ruled in all the majesty of dominion, and the steps of degradation have been very few—the struggle very easy—the murder very small. It was perhaps little thought by William Wilkins or Joseph Gwilt, twenty years ago, that their ponderous *tones* of the words of the king would come so soon to be discarded, and so unmurmuringly,—so little violence demanded, so little anger of defence provoked. "The writings of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio," says Joseph Gwilt, in 1826,—and he addresses no less a dignity than 'the king'—"Sire, the writings of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio have long been distinguished by the especial patronage of Sovereigns. That of George the Fourth is now added to those of Augustus, the Medici, Francis the First, and Louis the Fourteenth. It would be presumptuous in me (in the said Joseph Gwilt) to dwell on the singular connection between the successful cultivation of the Arts, and the appearance of the different editions of Vitruvius," &c. And now *The Builder* can coolly set him by,—him and all his,—the "especial patronage of Sovereigns," the "presumption" of a Gwilt, and the mighty acts done by "the editions of Vitruvius,"—with the curt cold epitaph "a once great name!"

It might be not uninteresting to inquire, in the spirit of the nursery rhyme, "Who killed Vitruvius,—who saw him die,—who caught his blood,—and who did all the rest of it?" And certainly, the *Builder* must come in for no small share—a prouder position than we much expected our contemporary soon to take—no small share as an honest convert, saying a sad strong word to overturn the throne that every one can tell how fondly it supported but as yesterday.

"A once great name!" Imperious Caesar's favourite—dead, and turned to clay—*The Builder* puts to "stop a hole to keep the wind away." The great Vitruvius, a mere skirmisher against an Ipswich and a Mechanics' Institute! The time was when this name would come forth to do greater deed than this.

"O that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

And now that Vitruvius is safely dead and safely buried, it may be of some interest to our readers to know more particularly who he was, and what, and the little chat about his history.

Marcus Vitruvius Pollio was a man "of small stature, and lived to some age," Gwilt tells us. True, in more senses than one. He met with opposition, Gwilt also tells us, from the class of persons who corresponded in his day with "the rabble of ignorant builders, and artisans, and draftsmen who call themselves architects" in ours. Thus he was "by no means a successful professor." But he was permitted to dedicate his

works to the Cæsar, and therefore he must have been worthy of some honour. In short, Vitruvius is the name of a writer on what he calls "Architecture," living in Rome, some twenty or thirty years before the Christian era—the earliest author on the subject extant.

Of all the variety of things to which the word "Architecture" has been applied, as a name, perhaps there is not to be found any one more utterly absurd in the nineteenth-century-mode-of-thought than that to which this Vitruvius applies it. In book first, he tells us how "Architecture consists of three branches—namely, building, dialling, and mechanics," with much matter as amplification of this very artistic idea. In book second, he lets us into many secrets as to the origin of building,—how "mankind originally brought forth like the beasts of the field, in woods, dens, and groves," &c.,—how a tempest caused the branches of the forest to ignite by friction, to the instruction of the human mind in the matter of fire and artificial warmth,—how this gave rise to "the first assembly of men," and to the invention of speech,—how men, "from their erect posture, which gave them the advantage (over other brutes) of continually viewing the stars and firmament," and soon somehow proceeded directly to the invention of building, and thus originated his "Architecture." We also have here all the arcana of bricks, and sand, and stone quarries, and "the different kinds of walls," and the "firs called supernas and infernas, and of the Apennines," &c. Book Third tells us how there are "five species of temples," and so on. Book Fourth, instructs the mind in something more about temples, and about "the three sorts of columns" and "altars to the gods." Book the Fifth speaks of the forum and the basilica, and the theatre, harmony, vases, "the three sorts of scenes," baths, palestra, harbours. Book the Sixth treats of the geography of the art, how "from the clearness of the atmosphere, aided also by the intense heat, the Southern nation are more ready and quick in expedients,—but the Northern nations, oppressed by a gross atmosphere, and cooled by the moisture of the air, are of duller intellect,"—a fact which the Augustan philosopher illustrates with serpents,—"man's intellect" being "sharpened by heat and blunted with a cold atmosphere," although at the same time the Southerners have their own troubles in the circumstance that "the sun absorbs their animal spirits,"—the people of Italy, however, excelling all other nations in all possible qualifications and advantages. In the Sixth Book, also, we must not pass over the Cavedia, Atria, Triclinia, Eci, Exedrae, Pinacotheca, "the forms of houses suited to different ranks of persons," and "the strength of buildings." Book Seventh lays down all about pavements, stucco, painting, vermillion and quicksilver, white lead, verdigris, and red lead, black, blue, and burnt yellow. Book the Eighth shows us "the method of finding water" and all the mysteries of the subject, "Levelling and the instruments used for the purpose." In Book Ninth we learn how to double the area of a square, how to construct a right angled triangle, and how to detect silver when mixed with gold, with the doctrines of "the universe and the planets," the Constellations, and the Zodiac. Book the Tenth brings up the rear,—"Machines and Engines," "Ctesiphon's contrivance for removing great weights," "the Principles of Mechanics," the tympanum, the water screw, the machine of Ctesibus, "of measuring a journey,"

"of Catapultæ and Scorpions," Baliste and Tortoises and "Machines for Defence."

And upon this old rubbish, the mere child's play of a long-ago world, has the Architect in this nineteenth century fed with pride as the nectar and ambrosia of his Art! Just for the sheer antiquity of it! Here is the *oldest* writer, therefore, by direct inference, he is the *best* at once.

We cannot say that Vitruvius has ever done very much immediate harm. His ten books are just ten books of the merest nonsense. But what must be the condition of art-architecture when the architect will take this twaddle as his textbook—this emptiness as his canons—this sorriest and most irrelevant of mere old wives' fables as his fountain of doctrine? It is a good thing they are ashamed of it now,—but very little time ago the big chair of the Royal Institute of British Architects would utter quotations from Vitruvius to the students, and sage professors of Architecture in Royal Academies and Universities would labour for hours on his interpretation. We hear less of him, however, now. And last, to wind up the downfall, *The Builder* gives us gratuitously the never-to-be-forgotten word "a once great name"—once, not long ago, but not now.

With Vitruvius falls the notable scheme of the five orders of Architecture, and the "authority" of "the Ancients." These may decline slowly, but they certainly fall;—a system so absurd, so utterly irrational and confounded, that it must soon be the greatest wonder how human intellects could ever be so strangely dark, so weakly foolish.

The "old stagers" would fain affect to disbelieve it; but it cannot be long denied that a spirit has struck root among architects now, especially the younger and more energetic,—a spirit of Art-judgment and philosophy. Silly fables are not listened to now as they were not long ago. There is a day breaking—a system of reason and intellect in place of dogma and cant steadily forcing its way. We may hope for much in few years now. New followers and new leaders will continually arise and carry on the progress. And one in whom we gladly take interest as a follower, one on whom we would more gladly still be able to depend as a leader in the advancement of the Art from its strange stupid degradation, is our contemporary which happens to possess so large an influence for good by firm establishment in the particular walk of life, *The Builder*.

K.

THE FINE ARTS.

A SECOND PEEP AT THE BRITISH ARTISTS.

We have again visited the gallery in Pall Mall, impelled by two motives, one that of gleanings among those pictures on which we had made no remark last week; the other of examining steadily the amount of wrong committed by the hangers. To fulfil this double mission, with more completeness, we armed ourselves with an opera glass to bring down the gems from their perch, that had been elevated beyond examining distance; for we do not care about condemning without trial. The result of the first part of our inquest we shall convey in detail, that of the second as follows:—In spite of very numerous examples that we would wish to see remedied, the amount of injustice is not of such magnitude as would justify any accusation beyond that of error in judgment. In the first place, there is not a positive injustice committed in respect to pictures in the sight line,

that may not be liable to some difference of opinion among the average of amateur critics; and where difference of opinion might exist, there can be no sufficient cause for complaint. The sight-line is generally occupied by a certain average in size, that would be broken into by many very nice small works that are worse placed. But this is a sort of mechanical arrangement that presents mechanical difficulties to infringe; and those without the experience of such difficulties are scarcely in the position to guess their amount. Each artist feels some wrong done to himself when his work is badly placed, but, as we have said, with few exceptions, we believe, that any designed carelessness of the artist's interest cannot be imputed to the committee in hanging the pictures they have accepted. What sort of judgment has been used with reference to those refused, we are, of course, not in a position to give an opinion. That many have been sent away better than many that have been received is quite possible, without anything very excellent being among the number; and that some tolerable good pictures may have escaped remark, is also quite within the bounds of probability; but we think the Institution, for its own sake, would have made the exhibition more attractive than it is, if the material for so doing had presented itself. We mentioned last week the instances in which we thought injustice had been committed, and we shall continue to do so, in the present notices, as they occur to our memory.

We could not help remarking Mr. Danby's picture, and regretting the mischief those two stiff figures did to his conception. His idea was, no doubt, *Romeo and Juliet*, but he hesitated to call it after Shakespeare. We could — well—we won't —

No. 5, *Afternoon on the Thames*; J. W. Yarnold. Is prettily composed; and so is 34, *A Fresh Breeze*.

No. 7, *Fruit*; S. Uvedale. Is rich and ripe, and very truly painted.

No. 8 *Young Kitty*; J. D. Wingfield. Is sketchy and clever, but it belongs to the "that will do" school of art. The neck of this figure is painted on to the face, disturbing the oval and taking away much from the beauty of the countenance. Mr. Wingfield has four other pictures of halls, palaces, and gardens of the Tudor period. They are all clever, but they are all variations on the same tune. They are all composed of parts that might every part of them be much better, making the whole a great deal better.

No. 12, *A Forest Lane*; J. Stark. Very nice and true; the foliage nice, and touchy; the distance, aerial; and the depths, transparent.

No. 14, *Scene from Romeo and Juliet*; D. M. Deane. We know nothing of Mr. Deane; but we think it was anything but friendly towards him, or respectful towards Shakespeare, to hang up this picture. We can tolerate a failure in a young artist (if Mr. Deane is a young artist), but we require in him an appearance of respect for his art, and something like pains-taking in his execution.

15, *Mill, at Vauxhall*. Fairly composed, but hard in execution, which is, perhaps, an advantage to it where it hangs.

25, *The Noontide Meal*; R. Redgrave, A.R.A. Very true; something in the style of Mr. Linnell. The meadow beyond the brook is beautiful. 391, *Marcana*; the same. A female seated at a window, with an intense expression of despair. The picture is labouriously finished, but there is something wrong in the drawing of the right shoulder. 425, *The Moor Hen's Haunt*; the same. Very true to nature.

29, *Cupid and Campaspe*; W. Gale. Pretty; but conventional; a sort of Cipriani inspiration. There is, however, a feeling for colour, and much promise in this little picture.

32, *Annetta and the Returned Conscript*; R. Clothier. A spoiled canvas, that out of tenderness to the painter should not have been hung up at all.

38, *Landscape with Cattle, Evening*; R. Hilder.

A pretty picture, more poetical in its treatment than is usual with the artist.

41. *Children at a Spring*; T. Earl. Clever of its class. 285, *The Gull's Nest*; the same. Very clever; in the manner of Collins, R.A. 361, *Welsh Children*; the same; very nice. 467, *The Young Gleaner*; the same. A little coarse in character, but well painted. If Mr. Earl does not join the "that will do" school, there is much promise in these small pictures.

No. 55, *Celia's Triumph*; J. Gilbert. A very nice picture; badly placed. It reminds you of Stothard, a dangerous model for a young artist, his style of colour being an adaptation from Rubens. The present period demands more truth in texture. This picture deserves a better situation.

No. 68, *On the Road between Leamington and Kenilworth*; T. Baker. A very clever little picture, quite lost in its position. The foliage beautifully touched.

No. 69, *An Interior*; A. Provis. Very well painted; in bad place.

No. 70, *Castle of Thunberg, on the Rhine*; J. T. Hardy. Sketchy, but in nice keeping.

No. 87, *Lowestoft, Coast of Norfolk*; W. A. Knell. Water beautifully painted. If the distant vessels had been treated with more delicacy, this would have been a remarkably fine picture. 136, *Broadstairs, Coast of Kent*; the same. A still better picture. The water of both these pictures is beautiful.

No. 97, *Study of a Head*; H. II. Martin. A portrait painted with great care. It may be like; but it may not be liked.

No. 99, *Courtship*; J. Phillip. Very nicely painted and well composed, both as to lines and colour, but shamefully placed.

No. 104, *Enjoying Stolen Sweets*; S. Eglinton. Tolerably painted, but not moral.

No. 105, *Junction of the Conway and Lledar, North Wales*; A. Barland. Broadly treated in composition, and effective as a whole.

No. 107, *Scene in North Wales*; T. Middleton. A very clever landscape.

No. 108, *Sursum Corde*; J. D. Marshall. A young woman with a boy, whom she appears to be teaching astronomy. Fairly painted, but uninteresting as a work of art.

No. 118, *A Village Scene at Fair-time*; A. Gilbert. Very clever and sun-shining in effect.

No. 122, *Head of an Irish Peasant*; H. P. Prescott. A crone that curses. A very cleverly painted head of a not by any means prepossessing old woman, that makes itself seen in spite of the hanging committee.

No. 130, *Balbiano, Lake of Como*; G. E. Hering. A nice picture. Perspective of jetty, not bold enough in line.

138, *A Woman selling Fruit*; P. Van Schendel. A very cleverly painted night scene, very badly placed.

143, *A Group of Pointers' Heads*; T. Woodward. Very beautifully painted. 207, *A Scotch Shepherd and his Dog*; the same. A very clever picture of its class. 536, *A Young Herdsman and his Dogs*. An ill-used picture, being placed on the ground line.

144, *Crotoy on the Somme*; G. Stubbs. Warm, masterly, and true.

163, *Nant Francon, Caernarvonshire*; J. W. Oakes. A clever picture of rocky mountains, broad and aerial.

179, *Italian Boy*; W. Huntley. A cleverly painted picture of a subject that has been too often painted already.

182, *The Holy Spring*; F. Williams. A well coloured sketch.

196, *Stag's Head and Terrier*; G. Cole. Very well painted, but carelessly composed.

210, *Brook Scene with Cattle resting*; J. Dearman. There are good portions in this picture; but the back-ground wants air and transparency.

226, *Laying Eel Traps*; A. Gilbert. A nice picture. 428, *On the Banks of the Thames, looking towards Putney*; A. Gilbert. A very clever picture. Why does not Mr. Gilbert come out with something of larger dimensions.

241, *St. Lorenzo, Coast of Geno*; T. S. Robins. Very clever, the distance satisfactory.

243, *Interior of the Baptistry, St. Marks, Venice*; T. Walmsley. Very effective.

244, *Study of a Head, Meditation*; C. Baxter. The carnations of a fair complexion very well managed. A little more refinement in the character of form would have made this a very fine picture.

249, *The Toilet*; T. Lewis. Drawing fair; composition though not new, tolerable, but the whole destroyed by conventionality of manner in painting.

252, *St. Peter, Penitent*; R. F. Abraham. A very clever head, of a fine character and true sentiment in expression, well drawn and well painted. The hands we think something coarse in character, and judging of its effect of colour, as a picture, we think the breadth of light olive drapery on the right arm and shoulder attracts attention from the face, and, in so far injures the composition. This is to us a new name; but it gives security of having already paid much attention to principles in art.

257, *L'Alegro*; C. Dukes. Something pleasant, nicely drawn, and finely painted; but a little coarse in character of expression. 310, *The Welsh style*, the same. Also clever and nicely drawn; but the general tone of colour is more conventional than true.

264, *Morning*; R. Tait. Hard in execution; but, if by a young artist, there is good stuff in him.

266, *On the Coast of Genoa*; G. E. Hering. Cleverly painted picture.

267, *Glen Falloch from above Inverranan*; J. D. Harding. Clever and masterly, but not equal to some of his water colour. A change of style is dangerous in an artist of reputation.

270, *Altar of the Virgin*; B. Band. A gorgeous architectural effect.

283, *Lane Scene, Norwood*; W. Lukeing. A very pleasing picture, full of truth.

295, *The Death.—Stag Hunt in the Olden Time*; R. Ansdel. This composition has not been sufficiently considered as a whole. There is much beauty in the individual parts, that are combined to their mutual destruction. There are two very well drawn and very well painted dogs that follow each other, in so nearly an exact repetition of form as to become unpleasantly consecutive, and to condemn the right hand portion of the picture; while, on the left, the lines cut each other into a confusion that is not composition; the mind carrying away nothing but an inexplicable puzzle. The figures on horseback are mean and uninteresting in character, and nearly similar in attitude; their horses being forced into an improbability of juxtaposition, for the purpose of making them do the same thing at the same time, which was a consequence to be avoided by resource, rather than to be an object of contrivance. Let Mr. Ansdel add, to the many excellent qualities he possesses, breadth of effect, and harmony of hue, and there is nothing in his department of art that he may not attempt.

326, *The Gypsy*; H. Room. This head has not the character of a gypsy.

340, *A Slave*; G. Lance. A fine head of a negro. As true in character as one of Mr. Lance's melons or pine apples. And what more can be said in its favour.

343, *Study of an Indian's Head*; J. E. Millais. Clever and characteristic, with a fine feeling for colour. This young artist has many excellent points in his favour, which we much fear will be neutralized by want of attention to the A B C of fine art. The time is coming when purity of design will be a *sine qua non* in a figure subject.

351, *Loves' Telegraph*; T. J. Barker. A young girl talking from a casement with her fingers. Mr. Barker would do a great deal more if he would do a great deal less. His picture is burdened with variety of colour, without being composed in any key. It seems a conspiracy against breadth, a sort of mobocracy of tints, in which there is liberty and equality without order. Let Mr. Barker have a starling taught to say "breadth!"

breadth! breadth!" and give the bird a perch beside his easel. 517, *The Castle Door*; the same. Every word of the above is equally applicable to this picture.

No. 354, *The Straw Yard*; W. S. II. Barraud. A very excellent picture of its class, well drawn, boldly painted, with a masculine touch. The man very satisfactory.

No. 360, *Skye Terriers*; C. Josi. Clever; but not clever for Mr. Josi.

366, *The Temptation*; A. Keene. The countenance of the Saviour is deficient in character; and the general tone of the picture is not in unison with the sentiment the subject should suggest. There is, however, much about the details, that in a less ambitious subject would be most effective.

375, *An Old Curiosity Shop*; H. F. Oakey. Richly coloured but confused in effect, and not so finished in execution as the class of subject demands. There are so many facilities afforded to the artist in painting still life that a more exact approach to truth of representation is an essential requisite to such picture.

378, *The Meeting of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester, at Cumnor Place*; Mrs. J. Robertson. Powerfully handled for a female pencil, but frittered by detail into deficiency of breadth. The figures becoming the prey of the furniture. The face of Amy Robsart is pretty, but neither her figure nor that of the Earl belong to the highest class of form.

388, *The Flower of the Schelde*; A. J. Wooller. Prettily touched, but mannered in feature, as if no natural model had been referred to.

406, *On the River Dart, near Totness*; T. Dearman. A very powerful sketch.

445, *Phœdia—a personification of Idleness*; F. R. Pickersgill. There is something very nice in this picture that deserves a much better place. By what we can make out of it at the height at which it is hung, it possesses much merit in character of *beau ideal*, purity of drawing, and delicate feeling as to colour. It were better to have refused the picture entirely than to have placed it where it hangs.

447, *A Reminiscence of the early Masters*; Ford Madox Brown. A very clever picture, of which the early masters might have boasted. Both heads beautifully appropriate in expression. Why will not Mr. Madox Brown devote his energies to something that is not altogether obsolete.

463, *A Carp Pond, Kent*; and 465, *On the Thames, near Wargrave*; Both by S. R. Percy, and both very clever pictures, on the ground line.

460, *Outward Bound Indianaman coming to Anchor off Dover, blowing hard*; T. S. Robin. The most ambitious of the sea pieces in the exhibition. The water very finely painted, and it is altogether a very successful production.

473, *Travellers resting*; W. Shayer. No. 498, *The Farm*; *Scenes near Emsbury, Dorsetshire*. The same. There is something very conventional in Mr. Shayer, that belongs to the "that will do" school. There are very few symptoms of reference to nature in these pictures; little more than a repetition of an old tune, and that not first rate. There are many better pictures in the gallery in much worse places.

513, *The Evening Bell*; J. Zeitter. Clever in conception, but no truth in detail; showing that all the feeling of an artist will not overcome the deficiencies of early education. Here is evidently an absence of A B C acquirement that is not to be entirely compensated by poetical fancy.

516, *Fruit and Flowers*. Very clever; but for Mr. Lance, this picture would create a sensation. Even now it takes a very high rank in its department. But we see it is by a foreigner, and, for aught we know, a celebrity. In detail it is almost above criticism, but compared with Lance it fails in breadth of composition.

524, *The Dairymaid*; A. Corbould. A well painted little picture, something too much reminding us of the late Mr. Westall, R.A.

525, *The Annunciation of the Shepherds*; R. A. Clack. A clever imitation of the Martin school, if that may be called a school that has been already exhausted by the inventor.

528, *The Escape*; R. R. Scanlan. A comical little picture cleverly put together. Thus have we gone through the most of the pictures that challenge notice in this exhibition; which, though undeniably deficient in figure-compositions of excellence (the absence of which is not a matter of mystery to those conversant with the present position of art), yet possesses very many landscapes of great merit. Indeed, the general excellence of landscape art in England has so familiarized us with beautiful pictures in that department, that singularity of conception seems absolutely necessary to individualize a painting where truth of imitation is so generally possessed. The deficiency of history and *genre* subjects on this occasion is, however, to us a symptom of much promise for the coming harvest at Westminster Hall and Trafalgar Square, to both of which we look forward with intense interest.

There are a few specimens of sculpture that do not challenge a very high position as works of art. The most pretentious being

544, *A Pastoral Apollo*; E. B. Stephens. Not badly composed and fairly proportioned, but presenting rather the character of the Mercury than the Apollo.

545, *Two boys*, (a marble group), F. Thrupp. Cleverly composed and well drawn in its details. This is altogether a very successful production.

546, *Impartiality* (a group in marble), P. Park. Two children and a greyhound. The children are, no doubt, portraits, and, as portraits, the composition is well managed.

547, *Leander, Statuette* (in marble), W. Calder Marshall, A.R.A. Well composed, but hardly satisfactory in detail.

556, *Sappho's fifth Fragment*; S. I. B. Haydon. A pleasing composition, the drapery broadly managed and the figures nicely opposed.

551, *A group of Orphans*; Felix F. Miller. There is merit in this group; but a straight line from the right shoulder of the boy to the feet is of much injury to the composition when seen in front.

DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—MR. E. COOPER'S PAPER ON STAINED GLASS.

MR. COOPER commenced by stating that it was not then his intention to enter upon a chemical analysis of the ingredients used in this department of the arts; but to consider the subject in reference entirely to its pictorial or decorative quality, commencing with the earliest examples, and continuing chronologically up to the present time.

At the early part of the present century it was considered amongst the lost arts; but this merely arose from absence of demand and from the corruption introduced of enamelling the subject painted upon white glass (as produced by Jarvis under the direction of Sir Joshua Reynolds), instead of, as in the examples of the medieval ages, using colours which formed an integral part of the glass itself, and technically termed "pot metals" and "flashed glass," the first (pot metals) are those in which the ingredients producing the colours are mixed together with the metal in the crucible, and which, when cast, or blown, present one uniform tone throughout the thickness of the glass. The second description (flashed glass) is that in which one side of the glass alone is coloured; and this has the advantage of admitting the application of other colours upon its surface after removing the original colour by grinding or the chemical action of feric acid.

The superior brilliancy and depth of colour produced by these two methods over that in which the colours are merely painted on the glass and subsequently burned in, need but to be seen to be acknowledged; and all that is required at the present day to produce works equal in effect to those of the middle ages, is to do as they did, and, with the aid of modern improvements, we shall equal them in point of colour, and surpass them in artistic skill.

It were as well to commence our consideration of the subject, by reference to the amount of capa-

bility in the art itself, and on examination it will be found, that painting the subject upon white glass must be a failure that produces muddy and opaque effects, and, besides, very perishable when exposed to the corrosive effects of an English atmosphere. That in the use of the pot metals only, though we gain in brilliancy, we are incompetent to aerial perspective, or the representation of distance by colour; we are therefore compelled (as in the works of the 11th to the 14th centuries) to confine our designs to small or near groups, adopting for the back-ground a rich tone of colouring, as the deep blue of the "Transition" period, or the deeper patterns of what is called the decorated era. These, in my own opinion, presenting the true genius of stained glass embellishments.

In reply to the question, "What is the end required in this department of decoration?" I should reply, that the main consideration was the production of a rich, warm, and glowing effect, where possible, combined with a subject that included a moral lesson; pictorial representation having, at all times, formed the best hand-book for the people.

Perhaps the earliest notice of glass being employed for windows in this country, is in the seventh century. Bede, speaking of the monastery of Wearmouth, (founded A.D. 676) remarks, "When the work was well advanced he (Bisop) sent agents into France for the purpose of procuring glass manufacturers, who, at that time, were not to be found in England, and of bringing them over to glaze the windows of his monastery and church. His agents were successful, having induced several artizans to accompany them. Previous to this date the windows of our cathedrals and houses were filled with linen or wooden lattices. In the ninth century, we met with examples of stained glass, the attempt at the delineation of the human figure being very barbarous; but in the Norman and semi-Norman windows of the twelfth century, we discover very considerable merit; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, all presenting progressive improvements, until in the sixteenth century, I am inclined to think the art began to decline, at least, in one most important point—the suitableness of the design to the material—originating in the introduction of perspective attempts, in which drawing and foreshortening were considered, but the aerial perspective wholly neglected—the figures in various distances being represented in the one uniform depth of colour.

The art, previous to the eleventh century, consisted of barbarous representations of the human form, without attempt at shading, the colours being pot metal, and the outline, and even the features, formed by the leading; the flesh often left in white glass, and their chromatic scale confined to the primary colours.

The oldest examples in this country, and of which we possess a fine series, belongs to the transition or semi-Norman of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and are to be found in the windows of the choir aisles of Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Cooper here entered into an interesting analytical examination of those windows which could not be beneficially condensed, and is too long for the space at our disposal, concluding with "The general effect of these windows is that of a glowing mass of purple or violet; the blue and red grounds combining in producing this effect, for the design and minutia, from the distance at which it is seen, becomes subordinate to the colour. The great similarity existing between the windows at Canterbury, of the thirteenth century, and those of the cathedrals in France, at Bourges, Lyons, and Strasburgh, suggests that the examples we possess were not executed in this country, or if made here they were certainly designed by Norman or French artists. The great circular window in the north transept of Lincoln Cathedral, and the lancet-headed windows of the transept of York Minster, known as the five sisters, together with the A'Beckett's window at Canterbury, comprise the best examples we have of the thirteenth century.

The windows of the choir of Merton College

Chapel, Oxford, exhibit very elegant examples of the fourteenth century. Heraldry was much more frequently introduced at this period than had been previously the custom. Single figures became more generally employed in the early part of this century; the figures were of a size to occupy but a part of the window, and were surmounted by a canopy. Towards the latter part of the century these canopied figures are much larger; often of a size to occupy the whole light, the canopy often being most elaborately pinnacled and decorated, and the back-ground being either some rich colour—blue or red, no white glass appearing, or of clear glass devoid of mixture with colour.

The chapel of King Edward III, at Westminster, known as St. Stephen's Chapel, was, perhaps, the most elaborately decorated building of the age in this country; it is said that the lower bays of the windows, being blank or filled with masonry, were painted in oil colours, and the upper or open window was fitted in stained glass, in continuation of the subjects, each bay being in itself complete. The date of St. Stephen's Chapel is 1350.

In Britton and Brayley's work on the "Palatial Edifices of Westminster" several extracts are given from the "rolls," regarding the expenses of this chapel, the items completely illustrating the various processes adopted by the glaziers of that period. Master John de Chester, glazier, was the principal artist engaged at the weekly wages of seven shillings, but having several able assistants at the lower wages of six shillings per week. The master superintendent was empowered to impress workmen from any part of the county to work upon this chapel.

The first necessary process appears to have been that of preparing wooden panels, painted white in oil colour, each of the full size of the work to be executed, upon which was drawn the subject by the "master glazier," and filled in with the proper colour in distemper. The tables or cartoons thus prepared were transferred to the "glaziers," whose office it was to select and cut the coloured and white glass conformable to the design. The glass, after being thus cut to the outline, was handed to the painters on glass, who gave the shading, features, and finishing to it. The master glazier who invented the design and formed the cartoon received one shilling per day. The "painter on glass" who etched in the shading, seven pence per day, and the "common glazier" for cutting and leading the glass, sixpence per day.

The geometrical and mathematical knowledge exhibited in many of the designs of the fourteenth century is very remarkable; perhaps more particularly so in the continental examples. There is an example in the church of Attenberg, near Cologne, in which this geometrical precision is very peculiar—a singular concordance of harmony pervading the entire design. In setting out this design, which is a square, the whole surface is divided into thirty-six equal parts; that is, by dividing the horizontal and perpendicular lines by six, which, when squared, gives thirty-six equal cubes. Circles were also struck at six equal distances, of which the central red ring is one, and is the key note, the breadth of colour being found to be a sixth of its diameter; the intersection of the various radiating lines with the squares and circles giving the points from whence to form the design.

The designs and plans of the medieval ages will generally be found to have been constructed upon correct principles; nothing being executed as a mere chance effect, so frequently the practice of the present day. The beauty and harmony of parts exhibited in these designs are truly surprising; the pleasurable sensations they create as the design unfolds is indescribable. No part or proportion is the result of chance, every member bears its proportion as a part, and every striking point is found by rule.

The great east window of York Cathedral belongs to the early part of the fifteenth century, and is a very magnificent specimen of glazing.

Almost all the figures are two feet three inches high, and are very beautifully drawn, in style resembling the work of the early Italian painters.

Of the latter part of the fifteenth century I am enabled to point out but the *remains* of a most elaborate and highly finished example in the great window of the northern transept of Canterbury Cathedral. In the year 1743, one Richard Winkle, M.A., a minister of the Gospel, but commonly called Blue Dick, headed a mob, who destroyed the whole of this window, excepting the lower part in which was represented King Edward IV., and his family. The king and his sons are represented kneeling on the right hand side, the queen and her daughters on the left. They are of life size, or nearly so. The drawing and execution is admirable, the details are delicately wrought and calculated to bear the closest examination. They are, of course, in pot metals; the colouring of the richest description, the robes of purple, crimson, or blue, beautifully diapered. No perspective or distance is given, but the background is filled in with richly coloured and diapered drapery. In my own opinion the art, in this example, had attained its highest pinnacle. There is a very fine window in Cologne Cathedral, of the age, under consideration. It is by Albert Durer, who was born A.D. 1471, and died 1528. This window is an elaborate specimen of colouring, and has lately been perfectly restored.

Mr. Cooper commences the 16th century with reference to a window in Great Malverne Church, Worcestershire, of which now a portion only remains, as a rich example of the perpendicular gothic.

There are remains sufficient to show that all the windows of Henry VII. chapel had formerly been filled with stained glass; and from the careful way in which it had been removed, Mr. Cooper supposes that it was concealed from the mob in the puritanical period. It was customary in domestic buildings, so late as the reign of Elizabeth, during the absence of the lord or owner, to remove all the *glazings* from the windows as well as the tapestry and arras from the walls.

The style of the period of Henry VIII. partakes largely of the Italian character or revival. Some of the architectural specimens of this age in our possession being combinations of gothic principle and Italian detail; others again are pure examples of Italian architecture and design, but some of the finest examples of Italian decorations are to be found in the oil paintings of Holbein.

The finest series of windows of this date and in the style of the revival that we possess, are those of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. The subjects themselves are attributed to Julio Romano, but this, I think, is much to be questioned, many parts may have been borrowed from his and Raphael's works, but these windows (that is to say, the cartouches) never emanated from them. The east window of Saint Margaret's Church, Westminster, is of the same quaint character as the preceding, the ornamental details being so similar, that I feel myself justified in saying, that the designs were furnished by the same person. This window was executed in Flanders, and has met with various vicissitudes before it was finally fixed in its present position. An examination of it will greatly assist in forming a correct notion of those at Cambridge. Some accounts state that it was painted at Gouda, in Holland.

The magnificent series of windows in the church of St. John, at Gouda, particularly merits the attention of the artist and the connoisseur. I believe they are generally allowed to be the finest examples in existence. The large east window of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, is very similar in detail and character to those at Gouda. It is an Italian work of the period of the revival, and deserves particular attention, much of the detail being very good.

In the age under consideration, it will be observed, that perspective effects, and the attempt to represent distance by colour, is the great peculiarity, in so far, according to my view of the matter, exhibiting a great decline in the practice of the true principles of glass painting. *Aerial*

and linear perspective are, in general, ill-adapted to its powers, at least when artistic and correct effect is required. Thus, we find, in the windows of King's College, Cambridge, the *rich* effect has been produced rather than the artistic; distances, though, in true linear perspective, being so heavily and powerfully coloured as to counteract the effect of the drawing, the one belying the other. It is a question how far the *pattern* should be subordinate to *colour*, or a general rich effect. The latter seems to have been the principal intention of the medieval glaziers. Their injunctions were, that none but the richest tones should be used, and certainly they carried out their principle, which is also exemplified in the decorations of the Alhambra, the mosaics of Byzantium, and the carpets of Persia; in each there being a general richness of effect, produced without the pattern in any way predominating.

At the revival of classic architecture in the reign of Elizabeth, stained glass, for ecclesiastical purposes, was entirely neglected, and it is only in the mansions and great halls of the period that we may look for examples. These were little more than a large oval in the centre of each bay, containing the arms of the owner or his kindred. Haddon Hall is a good example of the period.

During the reign of Charles I., a foreigner by the name of Van Linge was much employed in England in painting church windows. He employed pot metals; but his effects are very smutty from the quality and depth of shadow that he employed. His first work appears to have been the windows of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, commenced in 1629.

At the commencement of eighteenth century there were several *painters* upon glass, whose productions can only be considered as evidencing that they had lost the true principles of art. Their colours are poor, and their effect opaque and smutty.

The great mistake of these artists consisted in their treating the art in the same manner as oil painting. Deep shadows, however favourable on canvas, when transferred to a transparent medium, become opaque in effect, than which no greater fault can be committed in glass painting. The west window of New College Chapel, Oxford, is of this doubtful period. It was painted by Mr. James from the designs, and under the superintendance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is an exemplification of the principle, that the introduction of much shadow upon a transparent medium is highly objectionable.

At the present day, we are returning to the practice of the old glaziers in the employment of flashed glasses and pot metals, as also in the minute lead working. The east window of St. James's, Piccadilly, executed by Messrs. Wall, of Newcastle, is a creditable example in point of glazing and richness of tones, but it is a very great pity that a more proficient artist was not employed upon the cartoon, and that a proper gradation of colours and tint had not been studied throughout the composition.

I would wish to direct your attention to the east window of the new gothic church in Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, as an evidence of the misunderstanding of the nature of this species of decoration. The artist has lost sight of the greatest beauty of the period to which his work belongs—viz., the harmonious and rich tint produced by the combination of powerful and full-toned colours. As I have before taken occasion to observe, one of two rules must be followed—either a rich general effect must be produced, the design being subordinate, or the design should be well defined, and sufficiently large to be well understood from any part of the building. Neither of these conditions have been fulfilled in the present case.

In these observations, it has been my endeavour to point out the chief beauties and best periods of the art, as well as to raise my feeble voice in opposition to that false notion, like other false notions, daily losing advocates, that “the staining of glass is among the lost arts.”

The present state of chemical knowledge, added to the advanced progress of mechanics of our day,

aided by its artistic skill, and a proper study of the capabilities of the art, would, were encouragement afforded, cause works to be executed far exceeding those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in brilliancy of colour, correctness of design, and general artistic merit. That the art, after a relapse of two centuries, should at once arrive at perfection, it would be unreasonable to expect, but could we rescue it from the rank of a trade, and induce artists of acknowledged ability to study its capabilities, we should very soon realise the brightest expectations on the subject. It is an art in which I am confident there is ample scope for inventions; one of which on a former occasion I introduced to your notice—that of the *introduction of the lights*. In a pictorial work a light is as essential as a shadow for the production of a true result. I propose to obtain this desirable end by the employment of “flashed glasses”—that is, transparent glass, with a considerable coating of colour on one face thereof; and by reducing the thickness of this surface, or wholly removing it, as desired, either by the mechanical action of the grinder's wheel, or the chemical one of florid acid. Another desirable effect I consider might be obtained, by employing two distinct plates of flashed glass of different colours; for instance, blue and red, or blue and yellow, in juxtaposition, and treating them in the same manner. By wholly removing the colour in parts, one of the primaries would alone appear, and every variety of compound tint might be produced that belonged to the mixture of the two colours, enlivened or heightened by light and shadow.

By these and other means that may suggest themselves, and avoiding as much as possible the use of *aerial perspective*, we should obtain a true pictorial effect.

Landscapes and perspectives were not employed in this medium till the middle of the fifteenth century, and then to the utter sacrifice of correct representation. Previous to that period, one uniform tone of colour formed the back grounds, or a richly-diapered drapery in full tones, the pattern itself being a lighter shade of the same, and was at once correct in representation, and possessing the true characteristics of the art.

Throughout this paper, it will be seen that I have treated the subject mostly with reference to ecclesiastical purposes; but stained glass is not less applicable to domestic requirements; in which use we must be guided in our selection of design by the style or character of the building, avoiding a dark and monastic effect, and rather inclining to brightness, cheerfulness, and brilliancy.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

A MEETING was held last Wednesday evening, Thomas Webster, Esq., in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members:—Thomas Creswick, A.R.A., Frank Medley, John Bell, John Thompson, and Charles Button, Esqrs.

The secretary then read a paper by Mr. Claudet, on the Progress of Photography. The writer commenced by saying that, already on several occasions, he had had the honour of laying before the Society of Arts the progress of the Art of Photography; and, being again permitted to address the assembly, he hoped to be able to say what would give interest more particularly to the society, which was always willing to lend its aid, and encourage to the utmost of its power, useful inventions.

The Photographic Art has not been ten years in existence, yet already is it practised in every civilised country; few inventions had been so rapidly developed, or had so much excited public curiosity. The result was so delicate, so beautiful, nay, he might almost call it so magical, as to be almost equal to nature itself, in the minute perfection of the objects represented; yet, at the same time, it was a discovery, the principles of which were at best but very imperfectly understood. This much however was known, that the principal agent was an emanation from the sun, not its light or heat, but rays, of which the only evidence of their existence was in the effect

they produced; although modified by many opposing influences, some known, others yet undiscovered, so that with all his labour and research, the photographer was only an empiric, who obtains a result without knowing the cause; many facts, however, had been accumulated which by the process of induction, might lead to the discovery and determination of the laws of Photography, as Newton had fixed those of gravitation.

The author went on to observe, that having previously reviewed the state of the art each year, he should, on this occasion, confine himself to the latest discoveries. During the past year the chemical part of the process had made but little progress. No substance had been discovered more sensitive to the light than iodine, chlorine, and bromine combined in certain proportions, although statements had been made that ammonia would increase the sensitiveness of the plate. After repeated experiments, he had found that it only acted as a corrective when the plate was badly prepared, and was therefore not necessary for a skilful operator.

The author now explained different processes and combinations which had been used, specifying particularly a very ingenious method proposed by Mr. Bingham, a young chemist of the London Institution, the which will be found in the *Philosophical Magazine* for October, 1846.

The great object was to operate as rapidly as possible in twenty seconds, or even less, and, for this purpose, a set of glasses of short focal length had hitherto been used. The author, however, stated many objections to this practice:—although rapidity was gained, yet the features were often rendered disproportionate in consequence—for instance, a larger nose, or larger hands. It was therefore preferable to use object glasses of greater focal length, and to obviate the length of this process, by turning the attention to discover a method of rendering the plates more sensitive.

One point was absolutely necessary, namely,—that the portrait should be non-inverted; this would lengthen the operation by the addition of a reflector, but the portrait was thereby rendered perfect. To gain this point the difficulty of the operation was increased, and strange to say, up to this time, all improvements in Photography only rendered the operation more difficult, so different was the case with other arts and inventions. After explaining many of these difficulties which the photographer had to encounter, the author stated, that the process now had arrived at such perfection by the increased sensitiveness of the plate and the discovery of the Photogenic focus, the images were so clearly and exactly defined, that it was quite absurd to take them inverted.

The author then went on to observe that he did not claim to be the inventor of the non-inverted image in the camera obscura, but that he was the first who made it a rule never to take the portrait inverted; he knew that the difficulties were increased by the process, but the perfection of an art ought not to be prevented by the fear of encountering them. Many imagined too that it was a mere mechanical process, and that by possessing the patented apparatus they expected to become painters of miniatures, but in fact they were just as far from being Photographers as a street boy from being a musician merely from the possession of a grind organ.

There are three kinds of reflectors for the camera obscura—the parallel mirror, the speculum, and the prism. The parallel mirror gave two images, but it was at best but an imperfect means for re-inverting the image. In the speculum or metallic mirror, there is only one reflecting surface, and if it was possible to produce a perfectly plain surface on the speculum this would be the best process to re-invert the image, but here was the great difficulty. Besides, it had another disadvantage; it was easily acted on by moisture, so although it reflected the greatest amount of light it was difficult to use. The glass prism was another kind of reflector, which, although free

from the difficulties that beset the others, yet laboured under the disadvantage of taking three times as long; the real lover of the art would not, however, be deterred by all or any of these inconveniences.

The author next stated that although Photography was in an advanced state, he was still obliged to confess, that, as yet, the objects could not be reproduced as they existed in nature. It was frequently a matter of complaint that portraits had not an agreeable expression, that they wanted artistic effect, did not possess that modelling which should give relief to all the parts and were, consequently flat; but the image of the camera obscura was without these defects. He had endeavoured to discover the cause of this difference.

Now in whatever manner an object was illuminated by the light of day, the eye perceives instantly all the points of the object, and there exists sufficiently reflected light to illuminate the parts in shadow. Suppose the parts strongly lighted to have an intensity a hundred times greater than the parts in shadow, the proportion is always the same for the eye, whatever might be the length of time that the eye was fixed on the object, there was always the same relation between the strong lights, the half tints, and the shadows; but it is not the same with the effect produced on the photographic plate, the light operated gradually; at first the strong lights only were visible; by continuing the process, the half-tints developed themselves; during this time the lights become more intense, and the half-shadows appear, but beyond a certain point the lights produce solarization, and if the operation was then prolonged, the shadows became transparent, the parts of the object which reflect the most light have produced too much effect, the half-tints are lost, the shadows disappear, and then all the parts of the image become confused, being covered with mercury; the drawing then appeared feeble—in short, nothing but a vague outline. Mr. Claudet, struck by these effects of the solarization of the lights, looked for means to modify them, and at length the idea occurred of using screens, covered with black velvet, to shade those parts which reflected too much light, and at the same time to retard the action until the parts in shadow had produced sufficient effect. The operator, placed at some distance from the person, and furnished with a screen in each hand to move always in the direction from which the strong light is projected, thus prevented solarization, and was enabled to produce artistic effects; in fact, these screens, in the hands of a skilful operator, might be likened to the brushes in the hands of the painter, for it was by their use that the heightened effects of light and shade were produced in the photographic portraits. In comparing the specimens on the table, a great improvement would be remarked in those produced in this manner over the ordinary method.

He then added, that there were some specimens on paper, produced by Mr. Maskelyne, a gentleman who had devoted much time to this branch of photography. These specimens were remarkable for the delineation of the foliage. Hitherto in the Calotype, dark masses had only been obtained in landscapes, bearing no resemblance whatever to trees. Mr. Maskelyne stated that the development of the foliage was caused by the peculiar sensitiveness of his paper to the green rays of the spectrum. He concluded with apologies for length, and for entering into so many dry and technical details.

Mr. Makselyne mentioned with regret that Mr. Claudet had been, accidentally anticipated by Dr. Draper, of New York, on some very interesting announcements on Photography, and directed the attention of Photographers generally, to the examination of the action of light as connected with the different lengths of the undulations of rays of different refrangibility, and the chemical equivalents of the sensitive elements employed; he then alluded to the different lenticular arrangements for Photographic purposes, and especially, to a triple arrangement as allowing more perfect achromatism, and also a

modification of a lens known to opticians as connected with the name of Sir J. Herschel. He also alluded to a very remarkable phenomenon, while taking a Photographic picture from Saint Martin's Church, that there was a black spot on the plate which was owing to the red colour of the sun as it is often seen in a London atmosphere; the same effect also took place with a yellow sun. He also added that he was sure we were on the verge of some great discovery with regard to atomic substances and light and the analogy of substances with rays of light.

Mr. Hunt begged to say that the Americans were prone to appropriation, for the discoveries of which Mr. Maskelyne had given the credit to Dr. Draper, were, in fact, those of Sir J. Herschel; the subject would be found in the papers of the philosophical transactions. He said also, that he objected to the term photography as not conveying the right meaning of the art.

Mr. Maskelyne, in answer to Mr. Hunt's remarks, said, that he deprecated such fine-drawn distinctions as to object to the term photography, because we could not prove the identity of atomic action with luminous sensation; they are assumed by only different effects under different circumstances of the same agent which we recognise by the name of light, *phos*. Some conversation took place as Mr. Claudet himself was now in the room. And it was announced that the subject would be resumed at the next meeting.

The next paper was on mechanical carving, illustrated by specimens from the works of Messrs. Taylor and Jordan. The subject was only commenced, and the further reading was postponed till the next meeting, owing to the discussion on the previous paper which had occupied so much time; there were some beautiful specimens in the rooms, which, it was stated, would be left for inspection during the week. The meeting which was very fully attended then adjourned.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—As a reader of your Journal from the commencement, I have admired your freedom from cant, and the general soundness of your criticisms; I give you full credit, too, for desiring justice and impartiality. Now with the greatest respect for your talented contributor K, I think that a superficial view of the case—"Architect v. Cabinet-Maker," &c.—has betrayed him into injustice. That his remarks hold good, with regard to incompetent men, is true,—but are there such an abundance of artist-architects? I am a cabinet-maker and upholsterer, but I have felt that to excel it is necessary to become an artist designer, and I deny that all our craft are miserably uneducated. For my part, I can plead study at the schools of design here and in Paris, and a long course of study in ornamental drawing; four or five year's study from the antique and living model; two year's course of lectures on architecture, under Donaldson; and an attentive study of all works relating to art and architecture, with some thought and investigation of the principles of composition of form and colour. The best designers of furniture and ornament have been, not architects, but painters and sculptors—Rubens, Primaticcio, Cellini, and Raphael—have beaten them on their own ground; and therefore I doubt whether architects are by their course of study well fitted for the designing of decoration and furniture. In England, at least, there is too much of the compass and ruler, and too little of the portefrayon. Miniature Parthenons, and cathedral work are not adapted to furniture. Knowledge of the detail of construction, only to be learnt in the workshop, is necessary to produce the greatest effect at the least cost. I am far from asserting that no architects can design furniture well, but I do say that they are few. We, too, are not responsible for all that we are obliged to do; people at once confess their inability to design a mansion, who insist upon choosing and altering at their will the furniture. I have no wish to force my name before the public, as I value your

Journal too high to wish to make it a mere vehicle for advertising, but if K. be really desirous of doing justice to a class whom critics delight to abuse, I shall be most happy privately to show that we can make furniture elaborate and yet artistic, mouldings without fat and broken curves, and preserve some relation in character and spirit with the architecture.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A CABINET-MAKER.

I enclose my card, and should K. have half-an-hour to spare, I shall be very happy, on hearing from him, to attempt his conversion.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

MR. EDITOR.—I am of opinion that a more unjust act could not have been committed by any individual, more especially by the Editor of *The Builder*, and a member of the Institute of British Architects than to prejudge the merits of the several designs submitted to competition.

The opinion of the judges or council had not yet been made known; and, supposing the editor of *The Builder* had elicited from a single member what their final decision might be, how indelicate and what a want of good faith to make those opinions public in his weekly journal! If the writer rests merely on his own opinion, is the editor of *The Builder* a man of sufficiently confirmed good taste to give that opinion to the world so gratuitously? The public may question this point, and he should have had a more generous feeling than to put it forth. What would be thought of a judge of a jury, when they see a criminal put in the dock, merely to look at him, and pronounce his fate, without trial. We shall now see what the decision of the council may be, and if it prove detrimental to the interests of the young candidates, (of whom *The Builder* acknowledges, according to his sage opinion, there are some creditable designs amongst them) how far the editor has been let into the secret.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,
U. U. T.

Worcester, Feb. 10, 1847.

SIR.—Having lately perused, with much pleasure, in THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL, a notice of pictures by Rubens, will you allow one to inquire, through your valuable work, if there is anything known of the vehicle used by him; its extreme hardness, transparency, and non-hability to crack, offering, in my opinion, so many advantages to the artist, that I hope I shall be held excused for calling attention to it. I consider the inquiry what vehicle was used by such a painter as Rubens, and by other old masters, particularly interesting to art; and should feel exceedingly obliged if any of your numerous readers could give any practical information upon the subject.

A book was found amongst the property left at the death of Rubens, containing written remarks upon various subjects connected with the scientific departments of his art. I am not aware if this work was ever published, and it may contain much that might be valuable to art and to its mechanism.

A copy of this book was made by a Mr. Johnson, and was presented to the Antiquarian Society of London.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
AN ARTIST.

[We do not think the excellence of Rubens, or of any other of the old masters, at all depended upon any difference in vehicles. Indeed the vehicle depends so much upon the style or manner of painting in the individual artist, that each may be said to have his own.—ED.]

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.—This, the twenty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, was opened on Saturday to the public, and from an early hour the rooms were filled. The present exhibition comprises the works of several English masters. Amongst these are Etty's "The Dance," several of Landseer's, two works of Turner's, a view of Venice, by Bon-

ington, and other specimens. They have been brought here by the council as models of study for the rising artist. Among our native artists, Sir William Allan exhibits the "Battle of St. Vincent," and a scene illustrative of Circassian manners. Mr. George Harvey has the "Reading of the Bible in St. Paul's." The late Thomas Dancer, "Prince Charles asleep and under hiding after the Battle of Culloden." Mr. D. Scott, "The Triumph of Love." Mr. Noel Paton has three works, two of them fairy pieces, "Puck and the Fairy," and "The reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In landscape we have Horatio Macculloch, D. O. Hill, Maclean Macleay, Crawford, Leitch, Miss Stoddart, Johnston, Glover and others. Colven Smith, Smellie Watson, Watson Gordon, Macnee, Lees, take the lead as usual on portraits.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

NEW SYSTEM OF ARCHITECTURE.—No. 2.

BY WM. VOSE PICKETT.

Is calling again to mind the *true end and purpose* of architecture, namely—the attainment of the largest possible amount of utility in conjunction with the highest order of beauty, in buildings devoted to the various uses of society; with a view to ascertain how far the resources presented in metallic elements and other commonly-applied constituents of building may be rendered available to the furtherance of this object, an inquiry into the general characteristics of masonic forms and their capability for realising the perfection of utility as well as beauty will be necessary.

The first and primary peculiarity in the forms of masonic architecture is that derived from the primary element of its construction, namely—the block of stone, which (in obedience to the nature and economy of the material in the arrangement of walls and other massive constructions) is generally of cubical character; and the consequent prevalence of straight outlines and innumerable occurrence and junction of direct and positive angles in all the subsequent arrangements; a quality of forms, be it observed, of a totally different character from those which are found to prevail in such of the constructions of nature as present the closest affinity with the purposes of architecture, because presenting the most perfect illustration of the union of the utmost utility with the highest beauty.

Many writers (our own Hogarth, in particular), have undertaken to prove that the curved line is the line of beauty; an endeavour scarcely worthy the talent and ingenuity bestowed upon it, as nature, with such infinitely higher eloquence, makes manifest the truth of its supremacy in all the higher orders of created existence. From an observation of these existences, however, especially that of the "human frame," we may learn another and most important truth beyond that of "the curved line being the line of beauty,"—which is, that it is "the line of utility;" and it is impossible to contemplate the vast variety of functions which the human frame, is capable of performing and the ease and facility with which they are accomplished, without at once perceiving that the utmost refinement and perfection of utility is the first and most essential constituent of beauty.

But it may be said that, because "the curved line" is found to be the occasion of utility as well as beauty in natural organic construction, it is not a necessary consequence that it should be so in the constructions of architecture. A little examination and reflection will, however, convince us they are synonymous. Take, for example, "the human hand." If it were possible that instead of "the curved lines," it in every part presents, that "straight lines," and right angles were substituted, it must be obvious that the construction itself would not only be infinitely impaired in its usefulness, but the liabilities to injury and destruction would be greatly enhanced. Breakages of the skin, the tearing out of pieces, and destruction of these angles, would continually occur; and if any one will take the trouble to examine, as regards durability, the effect of prominent right angles in buildings, it will be found, whether the

part be composed of marble, stone, brick, or cement, that in all, particularly the lower parts, where these angles occur, chips and breakages, general disfigurement, and facilitated decay, is the consequence. If any doubt exist as to the extent to which this liability occurs, let only an examination be made of the stone, brick, and cemented constructions, particularly in the luggage-departments of our railway stations, all of which are comparatively new structures, and sufficient evidence will be adduced of the inutility and disadvantage of direct and positive angles. Again, as regards cleanliness, it is equally obvious that if straight lines and acute angles were to be substituted for curved lines between the fingers, the accumulation of dirt and moisture, and the difficulty of cleansing the parts, must be greatly enhanced; and corrosion, disease, and decay, would be the result. Now, there is not an impartial and reflective mind that will not immediately recognise this affinity with the general arrangements of houses. Who is not aware of the difficulty of cleansing the corners, whether it be in the windows, the stairs, fire-places, the rooms, or any of the innumerable instances in which they occur, apparently for no other purpose than to occasion trouble and annoyance in the operation of cleansing, which, after all, can be but very imperfectly accomplished.

It is unquestionably true, and will ever continue indispensable in building, that the straight line must be brought to the partial determination of many of its most essential arrangements; as, for example, in the generally vertical or perpendicular disposition of walls and the horizontal arrangement of the floors, &c. The introduction of curved lines (especially in the latter case) would be so opposed to utility and convenience as to exhibit a disregard of the example of nature, in the works of which it is invariably found (as, for instance, in the human skeleton) that partially straight outlines occur whenever strength, or any other qualification in utility is found to demand them. In no instance, however, do the junction of straight lines and their termination in right angles occur throughout the human frame; and while the before-named and other inconveniences are necessarily found to result from such angles throughout the various arrangements of building, in no single instance can they be referred to as productive of an utility which the introduction of a *small curve* between the intersecting points would not greatly improve. No necessity exists for such curve to occupy any additional and useful space, an exceedingly small intersection being all that, in the majority of instances, is requisite for the attainment of perfection in durability as well as cleanliness; and the saving of space in the substitution of "the curve" for the outer angle would form an ample equivalent for that occupied by the inner, in all cases of the return of a single wall. Whenever "a double return," or intersection of wall takes place, a trifling additional occupation of space will necessarily occur; but such would only afford facility for that increased breadth of "the skeleton," at the junction of parts, which is invariably found to occur in the joints of animals, and is equally conducive to strength and general utility as to beauty and economy.

Before, however, proceeding further with the illustration of the advantages to be attained in the art of building by the general substitution of "curvilinear" for angular forms, it will be necessary to inquire whether "available materials" exist, the nature and properties of which offer satisfactory opportunity for the realisation of these advantages. The true reply to this inquiry will decidedly be found in the affirmative. In the first place: in iron, and, indeed, in the whole range of metallic substances, a material of the fullest efficiency is presented, and which is better suited to "curvilinear" than to angular forms; for being a fusible substance, it is liable to become in some degree warped during the process of "cooling," and forms determined by straight outlines are more visibly affected by this contingency than those in which "the curve" is introduced; the latter being calculated to increase the durability of construc-

tions by preventing the accumulation of dirt and moisture, which so greatly facilitates corrosion and decay in all angular formations.

Again: the flexibility of this and other metals, and the vast variety of forms it is brought to assume (from the woven wire and iron lathing, which present such excellent and enduring substitutes for wood, for the adhesion of plaster, and, through the appropriation of which every description of "curvilinear form," may with the utmost readiness be attained,) to the power of embossing the more superior metals in thin sheets, and thereby attaining the greatest possible durability and facility in the production of decorative as well as useful form, affords another proof of the power and capability of these materials for the ready attainment of greater utilities, than those, which under present restrictions, are possible in the art.

In respect to the nature and economy of brick, it is unquestionable that the angular forms of windows, and other apertures, which prevail to so great an extent in the masonic systems, and are indiscriminately introduced into nearly every description of structure for which this material is employed, are the most *injudicious* that can be devised, either in respect to *facility in erection*, security, and durability when erected, or the general utilities and conveniences of the parts themselves. The introduction of the lintel and sill, in order to sustain the brick-work in a square form, occasions much trouble in the erection, and, by producing an opposing thrust, is the frequent occasion of cracks and fissures in the wall; while, in respect to the *uses* of the aperture, it is almost equally objectionable, whether as regards the cleanliness or effectual drainage of the edifice. If it be inquired why these inconveniences are perpetuated; it might reasonably be supposed that the reply would be, because such form is best suited to the nature of the material, which cannot be employed with so great advantage in any other shape; and therefore we must be content to submit to the inconveniences attending these forms, as also to the inferior beauty of which they are productive, in order to conform our erections to the nature of the material.

But how does the case stand? Is a bridge of brick required to be erected? it is not the square, but the arched form which is chosen for security.* Is a tunnel demanded? the arch again is wisely and necessarily preferred. Nay, on all occasions, wherein good and sound building is required, and the square form in apertures is introduced, it is customary to form an inverted arch in the first instance, and subsequently disguise its appearance by filling it into the square. And why are these disguises and concealments perpetuated? The arch, it cannot be disputed, is more beautiful than the square, is more felicitous in construction, has greater strength and durability when erected, and supercedes several objections attendant upon the occurrence and junction of angles in its use. It is solely because the laws, the only laws of architecture we possess, have their origin in, and are adapted to the nature and properties of stone; and, in consequence of this unfortunate dearth in respect to design, we are compelled to adhere and conform to these laws in the case of materials, for which they are altogether *inappropriate* and *inefficient*.

Now, it happens, as a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that the arched and curvilinear form for apertures, (as will hereafter be shown) is best suited to the nature of metals in construction, and, therefore, the introduction of an order of forms, adapted to metallic properties in architecture, will give occasion for a better and more satisfactory treatment of brick than can possibly be attained by continued subserviency to the masonic systems.

In respect to the use of plaster, it is unquestionable that the curve is far easier of execu-

tion, as well as much more durable than the angular form; and yet so blindly indiscriminate has hitherto been our adherence to ancient practice, that even in buildings, in which it would be difficult to discover any other similitude with any style of architecture, and in which *economy* and bare utility is professedly the sole object; additional trouble and expense is incurred in order to create the disadvantages occasioned by the occurrence of direct angles, and the junction of these angles in the various parts of buildings.

It will here be naturally observed, that the straight line is most consistent with the economy of timber, which is not generally applicable in other forms without additional expense. This, doubtless, to considerable extent, must be conceded, although it cannot be denied, that much of the apparent difficulty attending the substitution of "small curves" for right angles, is a result of the force of habit and custom rather than of necessity, as the experience of daily life continually proves things, which, at first, appeared most difficult, present the greatest facilities when familiarised to the hand and mind by custom. It is well known, that to produce neat and close-fitting angles in joinery occupies considerable time, and is not unattended by difficulty; and it is equally certain, that an infinite variety of curves in mouldings may be attained at a mere fraction of expense. These, by a simple application of the "turning lathe" at angles, would accomplish the desired object at an outlay, scarcely, if at all, exceeding that of present forms, and certainly not over commensurate with the advantages attained by it. But even if "square forms" are best fitted to the nature of timber, timber is, by no means, a material best fitted to the purposes of building. The readiness with which it decays, the awful rapidity with which it is consumed by fire, and the extent to which it generates, and harbours insect and animalcule existence, renders it, of all building materials, least qualified to dictate "the law of form" in architecture; especially when that form, as in the case of metal, is calculated to present obstacles to the employment of an infinitely less objectionable material.

In the form and manner of employing cement as an outer covering of buildings, equal anomalies are perpetuated, as in the use of brick and internal plaster. In consequence of this class of materials, possessing no constructive powers in themselves, they are of necessity made use of "to represent the effects of other elements of construction; and it affords further proof of the inadequacy of the present arts to meet the general demands of society," that the forms they assume are by no means best adapted to the nature and economy of this, one of our most popular constituents of building. Was reason and sound judgment allowed to dictate, the general character of form in the working of cement, the example of constructive nature (which invariably adapts the most efficient means for the accomplishment of her ends) would be adhered to, the affinities of metallic properties would be recognised, and angles to the greatest possible extent avoided. The innumerable occurrence of these in the arts of masonry, render the general forms of those arts most inefficient and objectionable in application to cement. Independent of the vast amount of these angles, which are difficult to turn correctly, and are exceedingly liable to chip and crumble; the degree of projection, or boldness of relief required in the ornamental parts, are usually beyond the capabilities of cement alone to realise; and recourse is therefore obliged to be had to bits of tiling and bits of slate, with iron hooping and other mean and frequently fragile contrivances, in order to execute the parts of even a common cornice.

Now it is a coincidence equally, if not more remarkable in the case of cement, than in that of brick, that the general law of form, adapted to the nature and economy of metals in architectural construction and decoration, is, as will hereafter be fully shewn, the most efficient and satisfactory that can be imagined in relation to the general

economy of this material, no less than for the attainment of the important purposes for which the building art exists—namely, to provide the utmost amount of convenience, comfort, strength, durability, and all other qualifications of usefulness, and effectually to unite therewith an order of beauty, consistent with, and expressive of its inherent peculiarities.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—On Thursday evening was acted here, for the first time, a Scottish historical play, called *Feudal Times, or the Court of James III.* by the already successful author of the *King of the Commons*, acted at the Prince's Theatre during the engagement of Mr. Macready, and of some other pieces acted we believe in Edinburgh and the provinces. As it is said of a man that is apostate to the religion in which he was bred, that he never takes completely to any other, so it would appear in literature that the spurning at rules or dogmas, however absurd, or even the mere enquiry into their reasonableness is but the beginning of a series of abandonments of established first principles that leads to such a contempt for all authority as ends in intellectual anarchy and chance medley of effort. Our drama is eminently an example of the consequence of this free thinking in literary matters. The unities have been abandoned one after the other; plot has been voted an inessential accessory; and even the moral itself, the highest boast of the stage, has been considered a matter of indifference, until plays are produced that have little more to recommend them than a succession of scenes in which nervous language and dramatic situation are the sole objects of attempt by the author. *Feudal Times* is one of this class of dramas; it is a historical anecdote put into dialogue. There is here and there an opportunity for fine acting, here and there a situation that interests, but there is not any consistency of parts that gives a oneness to the whole play, or carries forward an interest for the business of the piece; there is no development for there is no mystery; the circumstances are all transacted before the spectator, and he has no suspense. So that the author may at the end do his pleasure with any of the *dramatis personae* he having incurred no accountability from having made no promise. Certainly, Mr. White has got rid of much of the difficulty that was supposed to attach itself to writing a five-act play.

King James (Mr. H. Marston), has taken to his favour one *Master Walter Cochrane* (Mr. Phelps), a Scotchman of mean birth, who had visited Italy, and there acquired much information on the arts, then in their highest glory in that country. He is promoted to the *King's* friendship, and receives riches, titles, and honours; the nobles of the court are spurned by the drivelling king for their coarse ignorance, and a conspiracy of the discontented nobility against the upstart favourite is the very natural consequence. Had the author intended to make *Cochrane* a flattering parasite, and to have punished him in the end of the play with dramatic justice, the work had been well begun, for the interest is entirely in the favour of the ill-used nobility. The *King* was a transcript of our own Edward II., and Richard II., and the discontent of the nobles was founded upon a broad, and looking to the period, a justifiable base. *Cochrane*, however, is an accomplished hero; a sort of admirable Crichton; one of those favoured spirits that are equally successful in the senate, the studio, the field of battle, or the ladies' boudoir; and on some dispute with *Angus* (Mr. G. Bennett), the master spirit of the conspirators, in which he, *Cochrane*, is all courtesy, he challenges the *Douglass* to the combat *a l'outrance*, and is accepted. The news of this strange challenge from one unknown in arms to the redoubtable *Douglass* is conveyed to the *Queen* by *Lord Lennox* (Mr. Hoskins), a sort of comic coward that does the very dirty work of the play. By the bye, we were something startled at the absence of etiquette in the representation of the *Queen of Scotland's* (Miss Cooper)

* A most important question here suggests itself—namely, if, for example, Westminster Bridge had been built upon inverted arches between the piers, would its removal have now been demanded on the ground of insecurity?

court; and the free and easy manner in which *Lord Lennox* proposes that the *Queen* should guess at the cunnundrum of who was the challenger in the coming combat. The *Queen* determines to inform the *King*, and *Margaret Randolph*, orphan and ward of *Angus* (Miss Addison), a very mysterious young lady who is always wishing she were a man, accompanies her. The *King* and *Cochrane* are in the next scene discovered in a room at *Holyrood* surrounded with pictures, statues, drawings, musicians, and artists. *En passant*, we would recommend the gentleman who represented the painter to take more time over one of his pictures; he was one of the faculty school with a vengeance, and had studied under some colourer of penny prints; he knocked off his drawings just like winking, and they must have been fine, for the *King* admired them amazingly; but then the *King* was a spooney. However, we would recommend the artist not to paint so fast in public, if only for the credit of the profession. *James* tells us here, in a melancholy tone of voice, which the organ of Mr. H. Marston was calculated to make still more melancholy.

I love the roundelay

That speak of sunny spots or shady dells,
Where war and rufflers are unheard of ever;
Oh, what a blessed hour for this poor land,
If music should be nature to its glens
And rise from hall and cottage, vale and hill,
Like a pleased nation's prayers of thankfulness
For peace and joy.

This is fine writing and a pleasant thought pleasingly expressed. Again—

James.—I hate the brazen trumpet's angry note
No, no, the soft delicious harmony
Of linked voices in a plaintive strain,
A tale of love or sorrow, has more power
To bless my soul than any sound of earth,
So speak not of its stirring warlike voice;
But let me listen all the summer eve
To dying falls and tearful melodies,
Like those we've heard.

This is nice poetry for "a sick girl," but not the stuff to raise an interest for a monarch against whom subjects are plotting, because that he is unfit to rule them. It is an acknowledgment of the fact and a justification for their rebellion. In this scene, *James* gives permission for the combat without knowing or caring to know who is *Douglas's* antagonist.

James.—I have no wish to hear it.

The man that challenged *Angus*—that's enough, and he turns round to one of his minstrels, and calls for a song.

This first act seemed to burn itself out, the curtain descending at the end of a bit of exceedingly poetical poetry, that employed the audience the entire entre-act to endeavour to comprehend—that is, the portion of the audience who were unreasonable enough to suppose that understandableness was a necessary poetical quality. The passage was a description of one of those very quickly produced masterpieces of the artist we have before alluded to:—

" 'Tis a fancied view
Of a rich Eastern sunset; o'er the plain
Light falls like a thick veil of golden motes,
And flings a glow, like a whole shower of roses
Over the side of the vast pyramid.
No sight beside, no motion and no sound;
Silence, the desert, and the solemn height
Of the square mound! Heaven's eye, the failing
sun,
Will soon be closed, and Darkness shall keep
watch
Over its slumbering sister, Solitude!'

Act II commences in the King's closet, *James*, *solo*. Here we find some glimmering of common sense in the monarch, for he says—

" I ne'er was fitted for a throne like this;" and seems, in some sort, to enter into the feeling of the conspirators. He is interrupted by the *Queen*, who breaks in upon his privacy to inform him that his favourite, *Mar*, was one of the principals in the combat then about to take place; but *James* will hear nothing; he cares nothing. This peaceable sovereign, devoted to the fine arts, attaches very little consequence to anything that

does not affect his personal comforts, and the lives of his subjects are of moment too trifling to claim his attention:—

" I will bet my crown
The sun will rise to-morrow in good time
If both are in their graves."

Verily, the *King James* of the author of *Fendal Times* is a very contemptible person. However, when he learns his minion *Mar* is the person in peril, which, from his own obstinacy in refusing to listen he learns too late, he is as ridiculously excited, and would hasten to prevent it, but his passage is barred by that mysterious young lady, *Margaret Randolph*. There is something weak in this that renders the monarch still more contemptible. *Margaret*, however, comes into some prominence in this scene that promises much for the character. The following passage is well-written and highly dramatic:—

Mary. Your grace has asked my counsel; this it is:

Lay not a bar between them and their feud.
For one, his prayer—if he e'er thinks of prayer—
Is for a bloody shroud: if he should fall,
He dies an honoured death. The other bears
A crestless helm; 'twere well he seized his crest
From one who wears the proudest; if he lives,
The envious tongue is silenced; if he dies,
'Tis but a life the less—a life unprized,
Since thrown among rough natures like these
men's,

Among them, but not of them.

Margaret we here observe possesses an unowned admiration for *Walter Cochrane*, that in her endeavour to conceal involves some good situations for the actress. The dispute is interrupted by the trumpet sounding a charge. *Margaret* mounts a table against the flat, and throwing open the window describes the combat as it takes place in the lists beyond, which finishes in the discomfiture of *Angus*. This was excellently acted by Miss Addison; it suited her style, was given with great interest and animation, carrying through a very difficult scene, which finished with considerable *éclat*. The triumph of *Cochrane* over *Angus*, his gallant bearing on the field, and his knightly courtesy after the fight, do but increase the ill-will of the barons, the act ending with a declaration of hatred to the death from the *Douglas* party.

The second act opens with a scene between *James* and *Cochrane*, when the king communicates to his favourite the assertion of the Bishop of *Dundalk*, that the stars prophesied evil. He chides his superstition thus—

Cochrane. Has the earth no poison,
That he must wrong the heavens? The stars on
high
Fulfil their courses—clear, unfailing, calm—
Reckless of what we do on this poor globe;
And if they give a lesson, 'tis but this—
To walk in high serene tranquillity
On our appointed path, as they on theirs.

There is, however, something more real to encounter. The country is invaded, and the discontented barons refuse to march against the enemy. *Margaret Randolph* hears of their hesitation and determines to act for herself and clan.

Mary. They hold council.
Now, in the name of heaven and all the saints,
What need of council now, when the foe stands
In very act to spring on our poor land
Council!—pah!—there's no time for council now.

I'll see the Earl of *Angus*.

In the next scene, a consultation among the malcontent lords is interrupted by *Cochrane*, accompanied by guards and the Royal banner; he endeavours to persuade them to their duty. *Angus* replies—

Angus. I hold no leadership,
There's one holds that, that spells a different
name

From *Douglas*.
Cochrane. No, not so. The *Douglas's* cry
Still clears the foeman's van, like a bold hawk
Piercing a summer's cloud; that other name
Will sound but as a man who loved his king,
And wished—proud wish!—to die in the defence
Of the unconquered soil that gave him birth.

We like such writing much. It is worth a hecatomb of the mannered affectation of obsolete transposition, that has lately been considered the stuff of the drama. *Angus* will not be worked upon by *Cochrane*; *Margaret Randolph* enters behind, and watches the proceedings.

Cochrane. Then you refuse

Your following to the border?

Agnes. Till I'm asked

By some one better worthy of my answer.

Margaret. (Coming forward,) Thou answer me! This produces the very crackle scene of the play. *Margaret*, after an ineffectual attempt upon the conspirators, determines that the men belonging to her own lordship shall join the king's standard.

Margaret. Stop me not!

They shall! they shall! Here, who will be my knight?

Who will lead my men? There shall not one remain
Lurking like laggard cowards! Are ye all

Struck dumb by the bold frowning of this man? Who'll take my scarf?

Cochrane kneels at her feet and receives the scarf, a mutual defiance passes between him and *Angus*, who retires with the conspiring barons. *Lord Lennox*, however, doubts their success, and offers to betray them to *Cochrane* on certain conditions. *Mar*, however, operates on his cowardice to compel him to furnish the proofs, then about him, and orders him into custody. The proof is a treaty with *Albany* and the troops from England.

Act IV. commences in a hall in *Angus's* house, and the conspirators are arrested by order of the king. *Cochrane* makes his accusation, produces his proofs, and councils their instant execution. The silly monarch, however, spares them on their promise of behaving better for the future; and their enmity against *Margaret* increases in rancour.

Scene 2 is a room in *Holyrood*. In which we have a love scene between *Margaret* and *Cochrane*, that, although full of beautiful writing, failed to interest. For *Margaret* is not an amiable person; she is too contradictory, too harsh in opposition, the mind has no time to familiarise itself with one indication, before something else is produced that contradicts all that you have endeavoured to respect, and the task has to be recommended. For instance, can any thing be more unlady-like than the following:—

Marg. He did not say; he barked, he grunted, bellowed,

A dog, a boar, a bull—no man, no man.
I tell you *Drummond*, if this hand, Ah me!
That it's so soft and small!—If it had held
A dagger, he'd ha' spoke in different tone.

How contradictory to

I've heard, that when the traveller climbs the ridge

Of some far mountain, piercing the blue sky,
Up, up, far up to heaven—that on the top
Sound is not, and a dull, dead silence reigns,
Ever—for ever is the unsyllable air.

So, perhaps the lowlier born
Catch voices that ne'er reach to such a height
As kings and nobles strain for.

This is sweetly and philosophically poetic. Act V. commences in the tent of *Angus* at *Lauder*. The traitor *Lennox* makes his peace by promising to withdraw the king's guard, of which he bears command that day, to enable *Angus* to substitute his own. This is accomplished in the following scene, and the king falls into the hands of *Douglas*. *Margaret Randolph* arriving also, endeavours to soften *Angus* to forego his intention of taking away the life of *Cochrane*. Here again we have to complain of inconsistency in this character. *Margaret* is not what the author had attempted to make her; and all the early portion of her character is contradicted by the finishing scenes. She has been an affectation from the beginning, and the concluding scene had not the slightest aid from sentiment in the pathos it was intended to excite. The high-souled *Margaret* endeavours to persuade *Cochrane* to desert his king, return into private life, and become the tool

of *Angus*, and all to save his life, this is replied to by the most beautiful passage in the play:—
And what is life? What is the fatal charm
In that short word that plays about the heart,
And sways it? 'Tis a vain, blank, worthless thing:
A sword half-drawn, and sheathed in the same
breath;

A flickering leaf, falling from tree to ground;
A flight by a poor bird, 'twixt two black cliffs
Across some narrow valley; for brief space
Sunshine falls on its wings; a minute more,
And all is dark again.

He refuses, and he also refuses another proposition of this Lady Margaret, that of self destruction; but rushes forth sword in hand to cut his way through the enemy without. He is beaten back wounded. Margaret bars the wicket. The conspirators force open the great gates; and the ill-fated *Cochrane* falls dead at their feet, when the curtain descends. The language is the portion of this play of which we can speak with the greatest satisfaction. It was directly to the point, free from affectation, and lost no energy from mere wordiness. The plot was but a circumstance, there was nothing foreseen, neither was there disappointment for there was no interest. The dramatic situations pleased in passing, but left no impression when passed. Of poetical justice there was none, for those characters for whom the author evidently solicited the favour of the audience were sacrificed, and the curtain fell on chaos. The highest claim to excellence is that of being a clever dramatic fragment, and the system of ornamentation to uncared-for material, with such prettiness of detail, is like covering an untanned sheepskin with spangles and embroidery. We have never seen a play that went off more completely on the first performance; there was not the slightest hitch in any part. The scenery, difficult as it must have been in arrangement, never caused a wait, so trying to the patience of the spectators. Mr. Phelps played *Cochrane* with fine discrimination. Marston had a most unpleasant character to act, which he acted most unpleasantly. George Bennet did his best, with *Angus*, a character with little variety in itself, that demanded something more of resource in the actor. There was something too much of pulling on the gloves, and something too much grinning; both very well in their way, but they may be indulged in beyond the pleasant. Mr. Hoskins was very sufficient in *Lennox*, only we would desire something more of respect for the presence of the *Queen*; a little more attention to the etiquette of a lady's bower. Mr. Graham is a very judicious actor, and was always in good keeping. Miss Laura Addison has lost nothing of her mannerisms, and pumped out her words like steam. She was, nevertheless, very affective in parts. There were passages delivered most satisfactory; and we defy any one to do more in the character. To make it consistent, as composed of parts agreeing to a whole is an impossibility. Miss Cooper acted the *Queen*, a character only introduced to be in the way, and to be ill-used by everybody. The piece was triumphantly received by a very crowded and a very respectable audience, and will remain upon the stage as a precedent for further violation of what has been considered the absolute requisites of a five act play.

THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

WHEN there is not a market for any particular commodity, the cultivation of that commodity is, as a matter of course, neglected; and as it is in country theatres that dramatic talent is reared and ripened for the great metropolis, the present scarcity of that talent in the provinces might naturally lead to the conclusion, that the great metropolis is no longer a market where the commodity—talent—is vendible; or, are country actors, as a body, so totally unfit for the profession they have embraced, that neither nature nor art will enable them to develop a spark of that genius without which all their effort is but labour lost. There was a time when the larger provincial theatres could boast of companies, but little inferior to those who, in the London patent theatres, by their transcendent talent, gave a lustre to the

drama, and something more than "a local habitation and a name" to the followers of the histrionic art. Alas! how woefully the scene is changed—the pickings of the whole provinces could not now make one efficient company. There are some, indeed, who merit the term *good*, but they profess the same cast of characters, and, more's the pity, will not play seconds to each other—

"As if two suns should meet in the meridian,
And strive in fiery combat for the passage."

But where are the *Mercutio's*, the *Dorlcourt's*, the *Young Rapides*, and the *Ranger's*? Who can do justice to a *Pangloss*, an *Ollipod*, a *Touchstone*? Are there any who can personate *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Old Dornton*, or the fiery *Sir Anthony Absolute*? No, they are characters that have vanished from the provincial stage, and with them have passed away the *Lady Townleys*, the *Beatrices*, and the *Violantes*? Legitimate acting is at a discount—it is not understood—because

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see,
Because it is not yet in sight."

Is it to be feared that the present race of provincial actors have not the capacity for the high art of the drama?—or, if they have, that they fritter it away, and waste their energies in endeavouring to embody outraged nature in melodramatic parts?

"____ full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.____"

Or, rather, is it not the fault of managers, who not having themselves "a soul above buttons," provide for the public just what suits their own corrupt taste? Or, the public may be the cause, preferring hodge-podge to a substantial joint,—sacrificing their better senses to frivolities, exchanging the sublime for the ridiculous. But be the cause what'er it may, the effect is still the same—injurious alike to the profession and the professor.

Have beings with intellect, education, and energy deserted the noble art? Is acting a master science to sink into oblivion? Are there no enterprising managers who will give a premium for genius? Is there not an out-of-town public who, enamoured of the profession, will nurture talent in its infancy, and with patronising care rear it to lusty manhood? For what purpose has the "schoolmaster been abroad," if all that is worthy as connected with the drama is to be eclipsed by low buffoonery, blite-fire, and balderdash. Oh! for a master spirit to reform it altogether!

NORWICH.—For a time the theatre is closed, but the manager has promised to re-open it at Easter. How generous! to visit Norwich when he has no where else to go to,—and then his *corps dramatique*—assuredly the worst ever seen in this city. Mr. Belton may have arrived at mediocrity; Loraine is many degrees short of that point; Waldren, although a good reader, has but little energy left, and there, in mercy, we are bound to stop;—except Miss Davenport, who is considered a host in herself, why, we know not, unless indeed it is because she was once the lessee of the Royal Olympic Theatre. If to be the lessee of that establishment is to be possessed of talent, then ought its present lessee, George Bolton, to be highly-gifted,—whereas "C'est une autre chose," not that Miss D. is void of talent, but it is much overrated by those who have taught her to believe herself the *only* actress of the present day. And so she may be, if flaming paragraphs in the papers, and her name in large letters in the bills, can make her so; but the public are not of that opinion, if the paucity of patronage lately bestowed upon the theatre is any criterion. Still Miss D. has talent, which would appear to greater advantage if she had better actors to play with, and not the nobodys who are to be had cheap, and whom it is falsely supposed—from their dinginess—will make her appear the fairer. The company has removed to Lynn, where, we are bold to say, they never saw such a company before. We hope they never will again.

HULL.—The Misses Cushman have paid a professional visit here, and been, as almost everywhere else, much followed. There appears to be a charm about them that attracts; not but we have

as good of native growth, but—aye!—"there's the rub." "A prophet is without honour in his own country." Of the company, but little can be said more that it is numerous. Pritchard, the manager is pedantic, Cobham "tears a passion to tatters," Wakeleigh is a heavy light comedian, Gomersal, a tolerable actor of legitimate low comedy, and Bruce Norton a mixture of the whole. The ladies having nothing the advantage of the score of talent. The general business of the theatre has been but indifferent; the opposition of the Circus was great, and no doubt a powerful de-traction from the drama.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, HAYMARKET.—This theatre opened for the season on Tuesday last, with *La Favorita*. This opera has already been heard both in French and English—it now only remained to hear how it would succeed in the Italian garb. The principal characters were sustained by Mlle. Sanchioli, Signori Gardoni, Superchi, and Bouché. The subordinate part was filled by Mlle. Nascio. Of these, all, with the exception of Mlle. Sanchioli, made their *debut* on this occasion.

We never heard Sanchioli to better advantage, although there were many defects, yet there were also many parts in which she was very good. Her voice is a soprano of no great power originally, and now rendered weaker by straining. She reaches the upper notes with great difficulty, does not execute with facility, and is not at all times quite in tune; yet, with what might seem to be an almost overwhelming catalogue of defects, she sustained the character of *Leonora* exceedingly well. We trace throughout careful study and an evident attention to the development of her part; in fact, could she do what she so well aims at, there would be nothing left to wish for. Her conception is good, her execution but moderate, and from this deficiency she never comes quite up to the mark. Her acting is chaste, her attitudes good; and in the last pathetic scene, with perhaps a little something wanting at the close, she pleaded her love for Ferdinand in a way that would melt any heart. It is much to be wished that she had more command over her voice, for without this necessary requisite she is unable to do justice to herself.

Mlle. Nascio is a pleasing young lady, but had nothing to do except in the early part of the opera, where there is a short solo and chorus, so that it would not be just to say ought for or against her.

We now come to Signor Gardoni, the main prop of this theatre, as a tenor. In appearance, he is of moderate height, slightly made, and we hear that the ladies have quite determined that he is handsome; his features are somewhat small, with a boyish look, and yet capable of much expression. His voice is a tenore leggiere, or light tenor, with sufficient power, pleasing in quality, and equal to a certain extent; but in the upper part he does not produce the notes freely; they are strained, and consequently he is compelled to use falsetto tones, which sound very harshly. As a whole, we like his representation of the character of *Ferdinand* better than any we have seen. Duprez did nothing but shout, and in every way overdid the part. Gardoni sings with much feeling, subduing his voice, except where an occasional burst was required, and he then proved he had sufficient power to produce the intended effect. He did not quite equal expectation in the scene where he rejects the King's benefits, and, breaking his sword, flings it at his feet. Singers seem to forget that there is a proper time for the action. Gardoni broke the sword and flung it away when the action was absorbed in what followed. The music of this part has not any passages of execution, but is written more in *sostenuto* style, and is, consequently, more difficult. Gardoni is unquestionably an acquisition, and will, we think, take with the English public. He is apparently young, but gives promise for the future, and more especially from the total absence of that intolerable conceit so often besetting sin with those who early gain a reputation. He was encored several times, and was called forward at the end of his duet with

Sanchioli, when they both appeared, and also at the close.

Signor Superchi, who performed the part of the King, has a barytone voice of good quality; he executes with facility and occasionally sings with expression. His voice is harsh, yet the notes blend well together; but of all the singers we ever saw we cannot call to mind any one that makes more faces while singing; he frowns and pouts his lips everlastingly; it becomes at last almost a caricature; he is a good and firm singer; but we must hear him again ere we venture to decide upon his merits.

Signor Bouché took the part of *Baldassare*, the priest; it is a bass part, and requires a depth of voice to sing it effectively. Signor Bouché's voice is good, sufficiently powerful; he sang well, and sustained the character throughout with proper dignity and repose, this latter quality ought to be more studied. He is tall, and if intended as a substitute for Fornasari, we certainly very much prefer him.

We have now gone through our task. The performance of these, as a whole, had one charm—they were all good, and thus more equal: there was no star to outshine the host. Every character was carefully sustained, and a more perfect *ensemble* was thus obtained. No doubt each part might find better singers individually, but then the others become lost in the *melee*. We presume, however, this advantage (for such it is) was quite unintentional as regards the manager.

The orchestra played the overture very well, and with great precision; in fact, knowing, as we did, that it was only collected as a whole a few days before, the players, too, almost all brought from different parts of the world, it was wonderful they played so well together; but (we must use it, although we have as great a horror of this word as the antiquary) "those brass instruments! Heavens, how they did bray!"—crashing everything with their noise: the ophoeleide was the most portentous offender. It is strange that brass instrumental players will play forte. It is true they are generally introduced in a crash; but even when the other instruments are marked forte, the brass would blend much better if played piano. We venture to make this suggestion to all conductors whatever, assured that the effect would be far better, and that the audience would thank them for giving this relief to their auditory nerves. We must give Mr. Balfé every credit for his management and controul over his materials. We ought not to omit the notice of a very numerous and efficient chorus, whose performance pleased so much as on one occasion to call for an *encore*, which was certainly merited.

"God save the Queen," as usual, followed the opera; after which the ballet called *Coralia* introduced a new candidate for favour, Mlle. Caroline Rosati. Mr. Lumley has certainly entered well for his ballet. The new *dansuse* is young, pleasing in countenance, rather than beautiful, light in figure, and of sufficient height. Her dancing may be called more buoyant than perhaps highly graceful; her steps are always executed with perfect precision, and her "*tour de force*" are done without apparent effort. She will prove, no doubt, an acquisition. We must also mention Mlle. Marie Taglioni as a very promising *dansuse* indeed. We cannot say much for the music of the ballet.

The scenery was good, particularly in the ballet; the house appears in the same garb as last season; there are the same yellow curtains, the same medallion ornaments, the same unmeaning gold beading. One change there was—namely, into the entrance of the pit. Instead of being level with the ground tier, it is now opposite the first entrance, steps on either side leading up to and round the pit seats; the back seats are now in one line. Fop's-alley is thus done away—there being only an entrance from the other side, rather more than half way up the pit. If we rightly remember, this was the plan adopted during the performances of the Shakspeare Society; the pitites generally will like it, but it will not so well please the loungers; of course the side entrances remain *in statu quo*.

We now say a word in justice to Mr. Lumley. He must have made great exertions to have

secured this opera company, left almost without any support except in Lablache, he was placed in a difficult situation, the singing celebrities of Europe being all engaged by the opposing party. The selection could only be from limited sources, and he has done as much as a man could do to secure the best that were to be had. We cannot say that his is as strong as the Covent-Garden company, but still there is sufficient attraction for the numerous host of supporters, more especially if he succeeds in gaining Jenny Lind, and produces the list of operas he has announced. He was called for at the end of the opera, as was also Mr. Balfé, and both received a very loud demonstration of approbation.

DRURY LANE.—The new opera by Mr. Wallace, called *Matilda* was not performed last Monday, according to the announcement in the bills. As soon as the doors were opened the throng rushed in, and long before the time appointed for the overture to begin, the theatre might be said to be full, those places only being vacant which were kept for those who had secured them. A quarter to seven came, but brought no appearance of commencing operations. At seven o'clock the members of the orchestra were seated; the gallery began to be a little noisy; another quarter passed, and still no sign of activity. At length, when it was nearly half-past seven, the noise, which had been gradually increasing, had arrived at that pitch that it would have been no longer safe for the manager to trifle with the patience of his audience. Accordingly, Mr. Bunn, leading on Mr. Wallace, came forward, holding a little mysterious document in his right hand: "Ladies and gentlemen—(here were sundry ebullitions, which were, however, suppressed)—during the many years of my management it has never been my fate to meet with so unfortunate and disastrous an occurrence.—(The word humbug was now pretty audible.) At seven minutes to seven I received this certificate—(holding up the document)—from Miss Romer's medical attendant, stating that it would be impossible for her to appear this evening. (Loud cries of 'Why didn't you tell us before—you knew it this morning—all humbug.') I assure you that I have done everything in my power in order to produce this opera in the best possible manner. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared; but I am sure, in justice to myself and to this talented young artist—(loud cheering)—you would not wish for the success of the opera to be perilled by the substitution of any other person for Miss Romer. (Cries.) Anything that I can do—money, tickets, or, if you will only give us time to prepare some entertainments—(incessant interruption)—I will be just if you will be generous—(hear, hear, hear)—but I could not think of sacrificing my friend by a mutilated representation." (Cries of "Give us the overture.") Mr. Bunn then said, "Mr. Wallace will be too happy to give the overture;" and, accordingly, Mr. W. jumped down from the stage into the orchestra and seized the baton. The music began; but the incessant cries of "Money," prevented the hearing. At the conclusion there was even an abortive attempt at an *encore*, which was, however, soon silenced. Mr. Harley then came forward and endeavoured to obtain a hearing. All that we could catch was, that *The Bondman* would be performed, Miss Misson sustaining the principal character. The uproar was now very great, and it was some time even after the characters came forward that silence was restored, and throughout the evening there were occasional bursts from some of the disaffected. The gallery was cleared, and many from the pit took advantage of the offer of restoring the money to retire before the opera began. Mr. Bunn, on this occasion, acted honourably, as the money was returned to all who now withdrew.

REVIEWS.

The Book of the Feet. By J. SPARKES HALL. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This is certainly a most amusing little book. We dipped into it with an idea that, emanating from one of the "gentle craft," it was only to entrap the

unwary by a species of puff, *à la* Moses and Son; but as we read on, we felt interested in the matter, until at length we found ourselves at the end, appendix and all. On thinking the matter over, we found we had learnt an inkling of the mystery of boots and shoes, from the earliest periods down to the present time, and there can be no question that Mr. Sparkes Hall has brought a considerable amount of research to bear on the subject. The first chapter is "On the most Ancient Covering of the Feet." This lets us into the lore of Egyptian, Jewish, Grecian, and Roman coverings, &c. The ladies appear to have paid particular attention to the ornamental part of these coverings, a plate is given containing several specimens; and some of our expressions are traced to various ancient customs, for instance, "waiting for a dead man's shoes," the meaning of which is self-evident. We quote from the book, Sir F. Henniker, in speaking of the difficulty he had in persuading the natives to descend into the crocodile mummy pit, in consequence of some men having lost their lives there, says "Our guides, as if preparing for certain death, took leave of their children; the father took the turban from his head, and put it upon that of his son; or put him in his place by giving him his shoes—a dead man's shoes."

The Grecian ladies, it appears, wore shoes, or half boots laced before, and lined with fur of animals of the cat tribe, whose claws hung down from the top. We are now going to take a leaf out of the critical style of a literary contemporary. The author makes a quotation from Juvenal, in allusion to these boots, which were called *Ocrea*. We are sorry, but the spirit of criticism impels us to the task, instead of "*ocreas verdente puella*," read "*ocreas vendente puella*." We now feel ourselves exalted. We have discovered a typical error.

The second chapter contains the history of the boots and shoes in England; and here our author turns critic himself, and vindicates the accuracy of Shakspeare from the ignorance of Dr. Johnson. In allusion to the use of rights and lefts, he says—

"As these boots are, at least, as old as the time of John, Shakspeare's description, in his dramatised history of that sovereign, of the tailor, who, eager to acquaint his friend, the smith, of the prodigies the skies had just exhibited, and whom Hubert saw

"Standing in slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet"

is strictly accurate; yet half a century ago, this passage was adjudged to be one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance or carelessness: Dr. Johnson, ignorant himself of the truth of this point, but yet like all critics, determined to pass his verdict, makes himself supremely absurd, by saying in a note to this passage with ridiculous solemnity, "Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either." The author seems disturbed with the disorder which he describes.

We have really been much pleased with this work. It contains much useful matter, and there is also much practical and valuable information for those who suffer from tender feet, the certain consequence of ill-made shoes. In conclusion, we recommend its perusal to every one, as it will well repay the trouble.

SCOTTISH ART UNION ENGRAVING.—We do not approve of that principle in Arts Unions which empowers committees to make selections for the prize holders. We object to it for many reasons: one is the chance of jobbery; another the sacrifice of the independence of the artistic profession to a board of five members, consisting, as it almost always does consist, of a dictator and his tail. But our principal objection arises from the opinion that art shall be impelled to production by the feeling of the period rather than the conventional judgment of any individual, or of even a body of individuals. We do not believe that there is any man so profound as to discover the exact direction

taken by the average of universal thought, and we believe the best calculation of majority of opinion is derived from majority of expression. Preferring, however, as we do, the constitution of the London Art Union in this respect, we cannot deny that there are some advantages sacrificed in such a construction. As our committee is not intended to be a selector of the works, it is not composed of members fitted for the task, and the consequent deficiency of artistic knowledge among them has caused those matters that they were compelled to superintend to be ill done. The outlines, the statues, the annual prints, have all been subjects of complaint, particularly the latter. There has not been one instance of happy selection, from beginning to the end, of an engraved subject, that has been generally approved of, or that has been effective as an engraving. The Scotch Art Unions, on the contrary, being composed of men more fitted by education for the task, has furnished in the prints for the present year a most effective picture, the subject being *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, from a painting by J. E. Lawlor. As a furniture print, the engraver has been most successful in reproducing the *chiaro oscuro* effect of the original, and its appearance is at once striking and satisfactory. We are not now called upon to examine the merits of the picture. The print is a very desirable acquisition to the wall or folio, and certainly worth more money than the guinea subscription.

A Portrait of the Venerable Archdeacon Thorpe, engraved by G. R. Ward, from a painting by J. R. Swinton.

Not having seen the painting we cannot say how far the sketchy character of the print is supported by the original; though we should, from the painter's touches observable in the face, incline to the supposition that the engraver was correct. A little explanation of parts would, nevertheless, have been advantageous. The countenance is no doubt aided by keeping the accessories unobtrusive; but this assistance we think should be obtained at the smallest possible sacrifice of truth, and a little transparency among the darks that did not affect breadth will always be a desideratum in a mezzotinto print. The expression of the countenance of the Archdeacon is appropriate to a pious and a studious man.

Portrait of W. Mackenzie, Esq., engraved by George Raphael Ward, from a picture painted by Thomas Henry Illidge, and presented to Mrs. Mackenzie, by a public subscription, at Paris, on the 31st December, 1846.

Here we have a portrait of the great man of the French railways, a sort of British engineer missionary to instruct our neighbours in the comfortable of locomotion. It is an effective full-length, full of sturdy character; the head, body, arms, and legs forming themselves into a monument representing firmness and indomitable resource. Verily these railway fellows are a new species of the *genus homo*. The effect of the print is brilliant, and with a little, ever so little, attention to the conflicts, the shadows would be irreproachable. The conflicts are more absolutely necessary in mezzotinto than any other department of art; for there is no texture, no tooling, no colour, to separate neighbouring tones, and smuttness is the fault that needs the greatest attention to avoid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R. F. A." will see that we have repaired an oversight in the present number.

"W. J." is informed that a sum (we believe 5s.) used to be demanded for hanging a picture, if received, by the Societies of British Artists. We do not know whether that custom has been altered since the acquirement of the charter of incorporation. The Society of Painters in Water Colours, whether old or new, receive no pictures but those painted by their own members.

"S. P. S."—We know no modern works on *Aesthetics*. The very name is an absurdity. But for works on the principles of Art, there are many: *Fuseli's, Reynolds's, Barry's, and Flaxman's Lectures*, and all the works of *Haydon on Art* have much

good in them, and much that may be disputed. There is no oracle on art; for it is a study and an inquiry even for the most accomplished.

"M. C., HODDESDON."—The Society of British Artists receives pictures on the second Monday and Tuesday in March.

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Signor MARIO, Signor SALVATOR LAVIA (of the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, his first appearance in this country), Signor TULLI of the Theatre San Carlo in Naples, his first appearance in this country), and Signor SALVI (of the Théâtre La Scala in Milan, and of the Imperial Theatres in Vienna and St. Petersburg, his first appearance on the Italian stage in English).

PRIMI BASSI BARITONI.

Signor TAMBURINI and Signor GIORGIO RONCONI.

PRIMI BASSI PROFONDI.

Signor MARINI (of the Theatres San Carlo, Naples, La Scala, Milan, and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance in this country), Signor ANGELO ALBA (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid, his first appearance in this country), and Signor POLONINI (of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, his first appearance in this country).

PRIMI BASSI COMICI.

Signor PIETRO LEY (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid, his first appearance in this country), and Signor AGOSTINO ROVERE (of the Theatres Royal, Naples, Milan, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, his first appearance in this country).

SECONDE DONNE.—Madame Antonietta Mollidori (of the Théâtre La Scala in Milan), Madlle. Amalia Linari, Madlle. Luigina Bellini.

SECONDO TENORE.—Signor Emmanuele Slano (of the Theatre San Carlo in Naples).

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

A POWERFUL AND NUMEROUS CHORUS,

of chosen and experienced Singers will complete the Vocal Department.

Chorus Master, Signor Boneconsiglio. Promptor, Signor Monterasi.

THE ORCHESTRA.

formed of artistes possessing the highest executive powers, will comprise among its members the following distinguished professors, viz.:—First Violins: Messrs. Sainton, H. Blagrove, Dando, Willy, Griesbach, Watkins, Case, Thirlwall, Thomas, Mellon, Patey, Zerbini, Browne, Goffrie, Hill. Second Violins: Messrs. Ella, Newsham, W. Thomas, Payton, H. Westrop, H. Griesbach, Jay, Perry, Marshall, W. Blagrove, Betts, Kelly, Bort, Wilkins. Tenors: Messrs. Moralt, Hill, Alsept, Lyon, Glanville, Thomson, Hann, Westlake, Trust, R. Blagrove. Violoncellos: Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, Hatton, Lavenu, Philips, Hancock, Hausmann, W. Loder, Goodban, Guest. Double Basses: Messrs. Antossi, Howell, Casolani, Griffiths, Severn, C. Pratten, Campanile, Castell, Vaudrelan. Harp: Mr. E. Perry. Flutes: Messrs. Ribas, De Folly. Oboes: Messrs. Barrett, Nicholson. Clarionets: Messrs. Lazarus, Booze. Bassoons: Messrs. Baumann, Keating. Horns: Messrs. Platt, Jarrett, Harper, Rae. Ophicleide: M. Prospere. Trumpets: Messrs. T. Harper, Handley. Trombones: Messrs. Cioffi, Smithies, Healey. Drums: Mr. Chipp. Triangle: Mr. Seymour. Bass Drum: Mr. Horton. The Military Band of the Coldstream Guards will be under the direction of Mr. GODFREY.

AN ORGAN,

of extensive compass, has been expressly erected in the Theatre by Messrs. Flight and Son. The Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. Poet and Translator of the Libretti, Signor Maggioni. Première Artiste Costumière, Mrs. E. Bailey.

THE BALLET,

of a brilliant and costly character, will close the performance of the evening, and no divertissement will be suffered between the acts of operas. The Director has the pleasure to announce that he has concluded an engagement with Mademoiselle FANNY ELSSLER; and during the season the following eminent danseuses will appear:—Premières Danseuses: Madlle. DUMILATRE (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and Madlle. PLUNKETT (of the Grand Opera, Paris), Madlle. BERTIN (of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, her first appearance in this country), Madlle. NEODOT (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid), Madlle. MARIETTA BADERNA (of the Théâtre La Scala, Milan), and Madlle. FUOCO (of the Académie Royal de Paris). Mons. PETIPA (of the Grand Opera, Paris), Mons. GONTIE (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid), Mons. Ferdinando Croce, Mons. DELFERIER (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and Mons. AUGUSTE MABILLE (of the Grand Opera, Paris), Madlle. Auriol, Madlle. De Melisse, Madlle. Celeste Stephan, Madlle. Delechaux, Madlle. Levallois, Madlle. Duval, Madlle. Rita Pereda, Madlle. Arnal, Madlle. Anna Monroy, Miss Genge, Miss Hartley, Miss Barnett, Miss Kendall, Miss Rose Cohen, Miss Laura Maurice, Miss Chester, Miss Marsten, Miss L. Paris, Miss C. Paris, Miss Maskell, Miss Lee, Miss Kirby, Miss E. Clair, Miss Brown, Miss R. Wright, Miss Clifford, Miss Ward, with a numerous body of Coryphées and Figurantes. Maitres des Ballets: Mons. ALBERT (of the Grand Opera Paris), and Mons. BLASIS (of the Théâtre La Scala, Milan). Leader of the Ballet: Mr. Alfred Mellon. Régisseur de la Danse: Mr. O'Bryan. Composer: Signor Alessandro Curmi (of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples).

THE THEATRE.

To render the Interior at once commodious, elegant, and comfortable, it has been entirely reconstructed and decorated under the immediate direction and after designs of B. ALBANO, Esq., C.E., with every attention directed to its proper ventilation. The Decorations have been executed by Mr. Ponsonby. The Management has happily secured the artistic skill of Signori Ferri and Verardi (of the Théâtre Italien, in Paris), to embellish the ceiling and to prepare a New Drop Scene. The approaches to the theatre will be found improved, by a carriage way being formed immediately under the Portico in Bow-street, whereby parties can leave or enter their carriages without exposure to the weather; and by increased facilities for ingress and egress. The Refreshment Room will be under the superintendence of Mr. J. G. Watson.

Tickets, Stalls, or Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box-office, Bow-street; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street. Also at Messrs. Andrews, Ebers, Hookham, Leader, Mitchell, Ollivier, Bond-street; Bailey, Regent-street; and Mr. Sams, St. James's-street.